

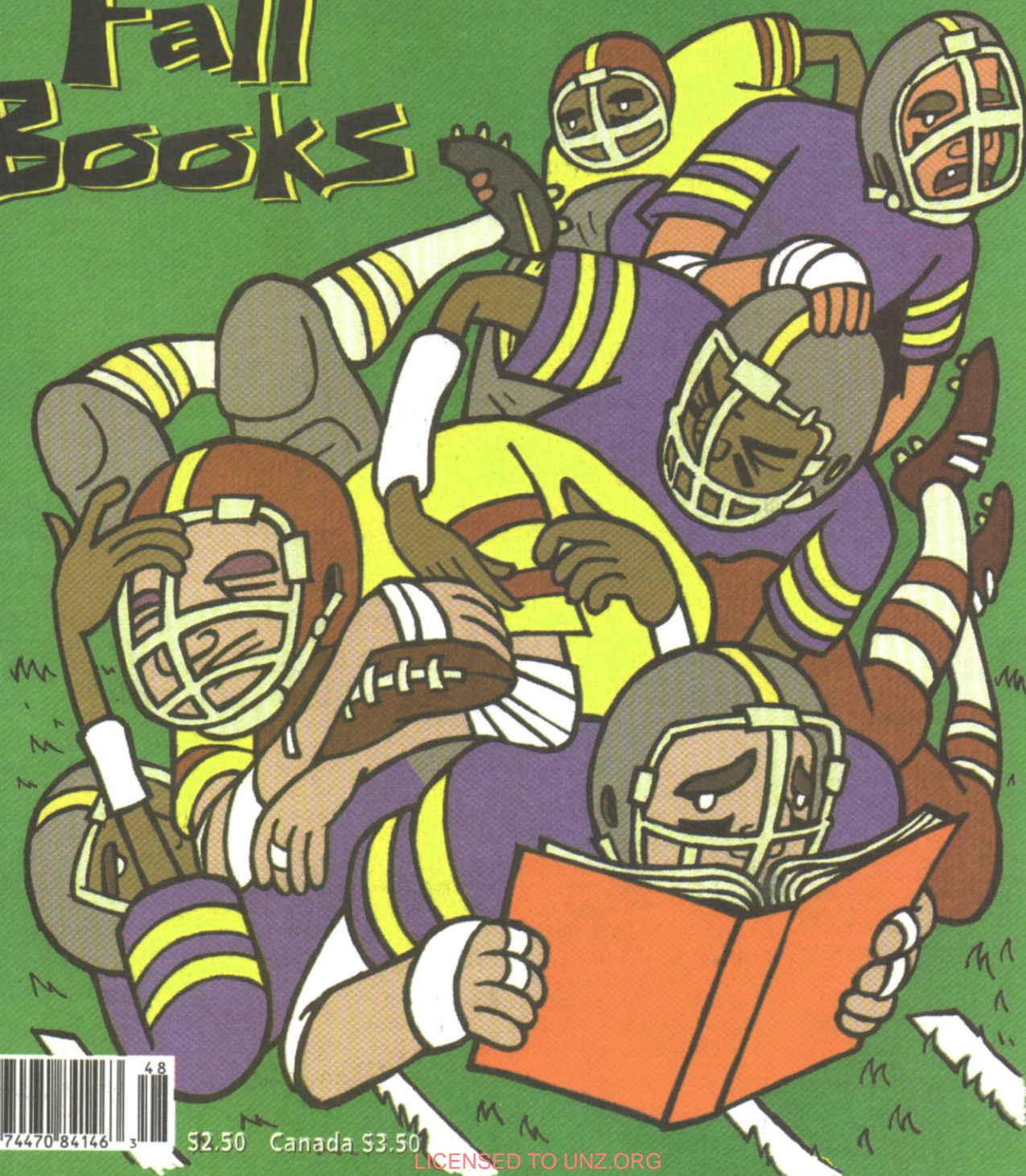
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH LOUIS FARRAKHAN • LAST CALL OF THE WILD

In These Times

INDEPENDENT NEWS & VIEWS

November 27, 2000

Fall Books



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In These Times

INDEPENDENT NEWS & VIEWS

"... with liberty and justice for all"

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Publisher's Notes

I'm often asked these days whether *In These Times* will change as a result of my becoming publisher. Not in the near future. Nothing dramatic will happen to the editorial content, though in January we plan to add four pages to the magazine as we change to a glossy cover.

In the long term, I expect to see *In These Times* playing to our considerable strengths. What are these? What differentiates *In These Times* from the other journals of the left? Recently I met with the staff to discuss what the magazine stands for. The result is this mission statement:

In These Times is a newsmagazine committed to extending political and economic democracy in the United States and around the world and to opposing the dominance of transnational corporations and the tyranny of marketplace values over human values. To achieve those ends, *In These Times* is dedicated to reporting the news in accordance with the highest journalistic standards; to informing and analyzing popular movements for social, environmental and economic justice; and to providing an accessible forum for debate about the public policies that shape our future.

This highlights four areas of strength that differentiate *In These Times*:

In These Times focuses on democratic movements throughout the world. The tone of many American magazines (and of so much of U.S. media in general) seems to be that only what happens here is newsworthy. At *In These Times* we don't accept this. We believe that reporting on the movements for economic justice and democracy in other countries illuminates and informs our struggle for real democracy here at home. In just the last few issues, we have reported on popular movements in Colombia, East Timor, Mexico and Yugoslavia.

In These Times continues to be opposed to the growing power of multinational capitalism. Transnational corporations represent a grave threat to the fabric of democracy. At its worst, the capitalist mentality subjugates human values to the dictates of the market, putting the wallet before the heart. We believe that people are more important than profits. *In These*

Times speaks with a strong voice against the huge impersonal bureaucracies that benefit the few at the expense of the many. We stand for the value of community, not for the power of oligarchy. (For example, see David Moberg's "Which Side Are You On?" in the October 16 issue.)

In These Times commits itself to producing outstanding journalism. We emphasize reporting as well as commentary. That's why every year *In These Times* is honored by Project Censored for reporting stories the corporate press doesn't see fit to print. The magazine is written in language accessible to a broad populace. We believe that an important function of the magazine is to serve as a forum for debate; to engage in a dialogue on the issues most relevant to the left; to communicate rather than lecture. That's why we have devoted so much space to the important Nader-versus-Gore debate.

Finally, we will continue our historic mission to report on and analyze popular movements for social, environmental and economic justice. We have a long-term commitment to help build a viable movement on the left. Our function is both to provide information and to foster public discussion and debate of movement tactics and strategy. (For example, see John Nichols' "The Great Debate" in the November 13 issue.)

This is how we see ourselves as *In These Times* nears its 24th anniversary. But we believe that you, our readers, are the best judges of *In These Times*. What do you see as our strengths and weaknesses? What do

We believe that you are the best judges of *In These Times*. What do you think of our mission?

you think of our mission? Later this year you'll get a chance to respond to our reader survey. In the meantime, we'd love to hear from you. Please send your comments to me at bburnett@inthesetimes.com (and you can always drop us a line via "snail mail").

Thanks for your continuing support of *In These Times*. I look forward to serving you as publisher and hearing what you have to say.

Bob Burnett

In These Times

Volume 24, Number 26 November 27, 2000

www.inthesetimes.com

2 Letters

3 Editorial By David Moberg

Add it up.

4 News

The Israeli left makes war, U.S. troops back in El Salvador, ground Zero for Teamsters reform and billionaires rally on Wall Street.

6 Appall-o-Meter By David Futrelle

9 Profile By Craig Butler

Kieron Dwyer: Consumer whore.

10 The Flanders Files By Laura Flanders

Democracy Now! or never.

12 We Are Family

By Salim Muwakkil
Louis Farrakhan has big plans.

16 Last Call of the Wild

By Kevin Burke
The end of wolf recovery?

19 Leaving the Balkans Behind

By Paul Hockenos
Croatia begins life after Tudjman.

Fall Books

22 The Searcher

By Carl Bromley
Two lives of Marcel Proust.

24 Map Quester

By Dave Mulcahey
The pathos of nerd crime.

26 Junkie at Liberty

By Philip Connors
The jolting fiction of Lidia Yuknavitch.

28 All This Useless Beauty

By Joe Knowles
Welcome to T.C. Boyle's nightmare.

29 The Hot Zone

By Paula Kamen
Getting down to *The Clitoral Truth*.

31 Ace of Bass

By G. Pascal Zachary
Swinging with Charles Mingus.

33 Ends of History

By Kim Phillips-Fein
Eric Hobsbawm, life of the party.



Cover Illustration: Brian Ralph

Letters

See This Movie

When I saw *Steal This Movie* in Boulder, Colorado with Black Panther co-founder Bobby Seale, he told me that he was envious of the Yippies because the Hollywood film made about them was "so good and accurate." He compared it to *Panther*, another Hollywood effort that he judged to be execrable. It was also in Boulder that Ellen Maslow, a cofounder with Abbie Hoffman of "Liberty House," told me how much her kids loved the film. Ellen felt that for the first time, her sons finally understood "what we were doing back then." So what am I to make of my old friend Paul Krassner's savaging of the film in his *In These Times* review ("Steal This Review," October 2)?

Paul makes no political criticisms of *Steal This Movie*. How could he? The film is pro-Abbie, pro-Yippie and pro-movement. What's more, as the reader can tell even from Paul's review, it portrays much of what the Yippies really did. We are shown throwing money at millionaire stock brokers, running a pig for president, levitating and sitting in at the Pentagon, trying to negotiate permits for our Chicago demonstrations, mailing pot to strangers, and getting indicted for our efforts. And these events take place before a completely sympathetic camera. Clearly this is not just an unusual Hollywood movie—it is a cinematic miracle.

So of course, I like it. I really did a lot of what is shown in the movie (in which I am portrayed by Donal Logue) and so did Paul (unfortunately, he is not portrayed) and so did some of the best people I have ever known. *Steal This Movie* is a tribute to their efforts, bravery and imagination. I decline to judge the movie by the standards of documentary or scholarship. It is a larger-than-life effort, filled with composite characters and scenes and, yes, some things are thrown in for dramatic effect. I don't care.

I also want to say something about Robert Greenwald. He decided to make a pro-radical movie, knowing full well the odds against making a buck out of it or even winning praise from the left. He is the first of his profession to make a film of this political stripe. Robert is worthy of some support. So I think Paul's aspersions on the more than 30 fundraising benefits that were held before and after the film's commercial release are unfortunate. The idea of doing benefits was not thought up by Robert, but rather by my wife, Judy Gumbo Albert (who is portrayed in the film by Ingrid Veninger).

She came to the idea while we were in Toronto, watching the film being made. She saw a great opportunity for the film to be not just a tribute to the past, but a weapon to help progressive groups in the present. Robert loved the idea, and so did many of the actors in the film. I'm sure it had to be sold to the distributor on the basis of its marketing possibilities, but the people who thought it up and made it happen—and raised all that money—had politics and not business at the front of their agenda.

One last word. Paul informs us that Walli and Sam Leff claim that Anita Hoffman described the film as "mediocre." Judy and I saw Anita after the Leffs and after Paul. We were the last of the non-caregivers and non-family members to see her alive. She could not have made a judgment about the movie because she hadn't seen it. None of us had. I know she was very pleased that Janeane Garofalo was playing her—and in fact had just made a visit to her bedside. At that point we were all nervous about how *Steal This Movie* would come out. The script was fine, but what would get lost on the cutting room floor? None of us, including Anita, was then in a position to make a judgment about the film.

I feel that the perfectionist Anita Hoffman would have been very gratified with *Steal This Movie*, and she would believe that her faith in Robert Greenwald was justified.

Stew Albert
Portland, Oregon

Paul Krassner replies: *Since art, or the lack of art, is always a matter of subjective perception, I will comment only on the factual matters in Stew Albert's letter.*

It was Robert Greenwald himself, producer-director of Steal This Movie, who informed me that Anita Hoffman "saw significant parts of the film, dailies and sequences in Toronto when she visited, and sections I sent her for her pleasure."

According to the Leffs, Anita told them on her deathbed that—based on what she had seen—she thought the movie would be "mediocre." She told me the same.

Presumed Guilty

With regard to Linda Lutton's article on the growing movement to end capital punishment ("The End of Executions?" October 30), there is a serious side-effect of the death penalty that has been largely ignored. This is the way that the right to a fair trial is destroyed by the very existence of the death penalty.

How does this happen? At jury selection.

During this process in most jurisdictions, with the blessings of the Supreme Court, prosecutors are permitted to reject "for cause" any prospective jurors who, for whatever reason, say they cannot vote to sentence anyone to death. While defense attorneys might use one of their limited peremptory challenges to remove some gung-ho "hang-'em-high" juror from hearing a case, prosecutors save their valuable peremptories for other things, like preventing minorities from sitting on a trial.

The perverse effect of this unfair and unequal situation is that juries in death penalty cases are uniquely skewed toward people who have a pro-police, pro-prosecution, law-and-order perspective. For it is undeniable that those who favor the death penalty tend to be more conservative, more trusting of police, and less concerned with such legal niceties as *Miranda* warnings, due process and prosecutorial integrity.

Clearly there should be a call for an end to the right of prosecutors to bar jurors simply on the basis of their opposition to the death penalty. That might well mean some soulless killers will escape the needle, but it will also mean a lot fewer wrongful convictions and executions.

Dave Lindorff
Philadelphia

Corrections

Due to an editing error in "East Timor: Up from Ground Zero" (October 16), it was reported that one international peacekeeper had been killed there last summer. In fact, two peacekeepers—one from New Zealand in July, and one from Nepal in August—were killed. Also, international troops first entered East Timor in late September, not October 25 as written in the article.

In "A Few Good Candidates" (November 13) Washington Senate hopeful Maria Cantwell's wealth was wrongly attributed to her employment at Microsoft. She worked at RealNetworks.

We regret these errors.

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of South Lebanon before being expelled by the Hezbollah; and withdrawn from "Joseph's Tomb" before being forced to flee.

All this escapes many Israeli doves. In their desire to embrace Barak, even his intention to collaborate with war criminal Ariel Sharon is no longer considered contemptible. It is time for the Israeli left to start looking for a leader who is really moderate and practical, one who will pull out of Gaza before it turns into Sabra and Shatila, and withdraw from the West Bank before it becomes another South Lebanon. ■

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Drug War Deals

U.S. military forces return to El Salvador to fight trafficking

By David Olson

SAN FRANCISCO—Although El Salvador's civil war ended eight years ago, the U.S. military again is increasing its presence in the small Central American country. In July, the Salvadoran legislature approved a U.S. request for a drug-surveillance operation carried out by the U.S. military. The FMLN—the guerrilla movement in El Salvador's civil war and now the largest party in the Salvadoran legislature—strongly opposed the agreement, and tried unsuccessfully to convince the Salvadoran Supreme Court to block it.

Opponents of the operation cited the symbolism of stationing U.S. troops in a country that suffered through a 12-year civil war fueled by U.S. support for a right-wing government that committed human-rights atrocities. "It's very sad that the civil war ends, and such a short time later, the best we can do is to set up another military base when the country is still trying to rebuild from the war," says John Lindsay-Poland, director of the Task Force on Latin America and the Caribbean for the Fellowship of Reconciliation.

The agreement with the Salvadoran government limits the U.S. presence to 15 military personnel and aircraft that

Lights, Camera, Back in Action

After the longest strike in Hollywood history, actors returned to the sets of their ad agency adversaries on October 30.

Negotiators from the Screen Actors Guild, the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, and the advertising industry have drafted a contract that would increase actors' wages and grant unions' exclusive jurisdiction over Internet ads.

The strike began May 1 over advertisers' plans to end residuals, a system that pays actors each time a commercial is aired on network television. Actors responded by demanding residuals be instated on cable channels as well, which currently pay a flat fee (see "Star Strike," September 4).

The three-year deal maintains the flat rate for cable ads, but increases this wage by more than 100 percent by the end of the contract. The agreement also includes a promise from advertisers to hire only union actors for Internet ads (but does not specify fees for Web work). Residuals for network ads will remain in place.

SAG and AFTRA's 135,000 members picketed, disrupted commercial shoots, and boycotted Procter & Gamble products such as Tide detergent, Ivory soap and

Crest toothpaste. The unions also enlisted celebrity support from Paul Newman, Tom Hanks, Richard Dreyfuss and Susan Sarandon, who spoke out publicly against the ad industry.

Advertisers derided the unions' "hardball" tactics and continued shooting ads with scabs. Many agencies took their commercials to Canada and Europe to avoid the volatile picket lines, a practice that may have a permanent, detrimental impact on ad work in Los Angeles.

Despite the fact that actors' demands were not fully realized, the unions are declaring victory. In a recent press release, SAG president William Daniels states, "Our members knew what was at stake in this negotiation and [they] unflinchingly stood their ground. From our high-profile performers to rank and file, SAG and AFTRA members' ... activities have produced success."

While television viewers rejoice at the promise of all-new commercials, another strike could shut Hollywood down as soon as next spring, when actors and writers begin separate contract negotiations with film studios and TV networks.

Evan Endicott

are based in the United States but are stationed in El Salvador temporarily—usually for about six months, says Stephen Lucas, spokesman for the U.S. military's Southern Command, based in Miami. The operation is run out of a Salvadoran military base at Comalapa International Airport near San Salvador, which also functions as the country's principal civilian airport. U.S. flights have already begun.

The U.S. role is to detect and monitor drug traffickers in the region, Lucas says. Representatives from Latin American countries will fly with U.S. soldiers and then relay reconnaissance information to Latin American officials on the ground. "This is an international problem, and it requires an international solution," Lucas adds. "The chief problem in this hemisphere is corruption, and that corruption is fueled by drug-running."

According to Lucas, similar anti-drug operations are under way in Ecuador, the Netherlands Antilles and Aruba. The operations replace U.S. anti-drug efforts that were run out of Howard Air Force Base in Panama, which closed in May

1999. The United States is spending at least \$10.4 million to set up the Salvadoran operation and will spend \$3 million to \$4 million a year to run it.

The FMLN is continuing to protest the U.S. presence. "This is a violation of El Salvador's sovereignty," says Salvador Henriquez Cordón, coordinator for the FMLN's San Francisco committee.

Stephanie Doucette, Bay Area coordinator of the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador, fears that the anti-drug effort could one day be broadened to repress leftist groups such as the FMLN. She points out that implementation of the operation came shortly after FMLN victories in congressional elections and a health-care workers strike.

Even if the United States does, as promised, rely on Latin American forces to actually arrest drug traffickers, Lindsay-Poland notes that the operation will undermine civilian institutions because the military in El Salvador still wields disproportionate power.

U.S. aid "would be better spent on education, job counseling and other services," Doucette says. "This will not help the Salvadoran people." ■

Ground Zero

Two reform-minded Teamsters battle for control of an important local

By David Moberg

CHICAGO—On a recent sunny Sunday afternoon, a crowd of Teamsters from Local 705 took a brief break from their beer and tamales to cheer as Tom Leedham, the leading challenger to Teamsters President James Hoffa in next year's election, praised their union as "the best damn Teamsters local in the country." Indeed, with about 19,500 members working at UPS, freight companies and a wide range of other trucking-related firms, Local 705 has been one of the stalwarts of the Teamsters reform movement in a city that has otherwise remained a stronghold of the old guard.

In 1993 former Teamsters President Ron Carey put Local 705 in a trusteeship, which cleaned up massive financial mismanagement and began building a democratic, progressive and militant local. When the trusteeship ended in 1995, the members narrowly elected as their new leaders the two trustees, both of whom had both been longtime advocates of reform—Jerry Zero, who held the principal officer position of secretary-treasurer, and John McCormick, the local's president (and No. 2 position).

Now Zero and McCormick are at each other's throats in a hotly contested local election that could have national repercussions. McCormick had been the No. 2 candidate on Leedham's slate when he ran a surprisingly strong race against Hoffa in 1998, and Leedham clearly needs support from Local 705's leaders next year. Such an internecine struggle certainly doesn't help the reformers, but it might force them to define more clearly what they're for, not just what they're against, argues Teamsters for a Democratic Union

(TDU) leader Dan Campbell, a union representative at Local 705.

The rivalry between Zero and McCormick may have its origins in Carey's decision to slate Zero for the top spot in the local's 1995 election. Although Zero gave McCormick responsibility for the UPS members, who make up more than half the local, Zero—who had worked for a small trucking company—clearly was the primary leader. Zero emphasized more rank-and-file involvement in bargaining, organizing and other union activities, and greatly expanded the system of stewards to inform and mobilize the members for action. He also committed the union to local coalitions (like Jobs With Justice), solidarity actions for other unions (from California farmworkers to Salvadoran garment workers), broad educational programs for rank-and-file leaders, and progressive politics (supporting both labor-friendly Democrats and the Labor Party).

Tension between the two escalated early last year, when Zero was suspend-



Appall-o-Meter

By David Futrelle

The Raffleman 8.2

Whatever happened to zero tolerance? Parents in most parts of the country seem pretty eager to see guns banished from schools. But in Bastrop, Louisiana parents have decided to raise money by getting their kids to sell tickets to a shotgun raffle. Sure, it has been only a few weeks since two middle school students in nearby New Orleans shot and wounded each other on school grounds. But the Parent Teacher Organization of Beekman School is going ahead with plans to raffle off a new shotgun to one lucky winner, despite opposition from some parents. This isn't the first gun raffle to be held at the Beekman school. And if some parents have their way, it won't be the last. "The men go nuts for this stuff," one raffle-supporting parent told The Associated Press. "If we could have bought a bass boat and raffled that off, we would, but we could not afford that."

Packing Heat 6.7

If we outlaw guns, as that famous bumper sticker slogan goes, only outlaws

will have them. But we don't have to go that far. In fact, a new bill signed into law by Texas Gov. George W. Bush has made it possible for hundreds of convicted criminals to get licenses to carry concealed weapons. Bush and other supporters of the new law, which ends Texas' longtime ban on concealed weapons, would require potential license holders to undergo a rigorous background check. But a recent investigation by the Los Angeles Times revealed that hundreds of violent criminals had somehow slipped through the cracks. Still, one Bush policy adviser told the Times that he considered the law a "smashing success." "There will always be nightmare cases," said Johnny Sutton, Bush's criminal justice advisor. "Somebody will always get through that we wish wouldn't, but not that many slip by."

Holiday Shears 4.6

It's fair to say that most Frenchmen traveling to England don't do it for the food. But now, The Associated Press reports, they can do it for the vasectomies. A

British family planning charity called Marie Stopes International is starting what it calls a "vasectomy tourism service" in an attempt to call attention to an archaic French law prohibiting vasectomies as a form of "self-mutilation." Though the law, which dates back to Napoleonic times, is no longer enforced, it remains on the books. "In the spirit of European togetherness, [we are] offering vasectomy to our French neighbors," a spokeswoman for the charity told the press. "We also hope to raise awareness about the archaic penal codes which limit reproductive



choice in France." So far, though, the charity has had only one taker—and both *Le Monde* and *Le Figaro* have refused to run ads promoting the service.

ed from union office for a year on a charge that he had shoved a local union opponent (although the union's independent review board, which imposed the penalty, also blamed the opponent, now a top aide to Hoffa, for "deliberate provocation" by engaging in illegal campaigning).

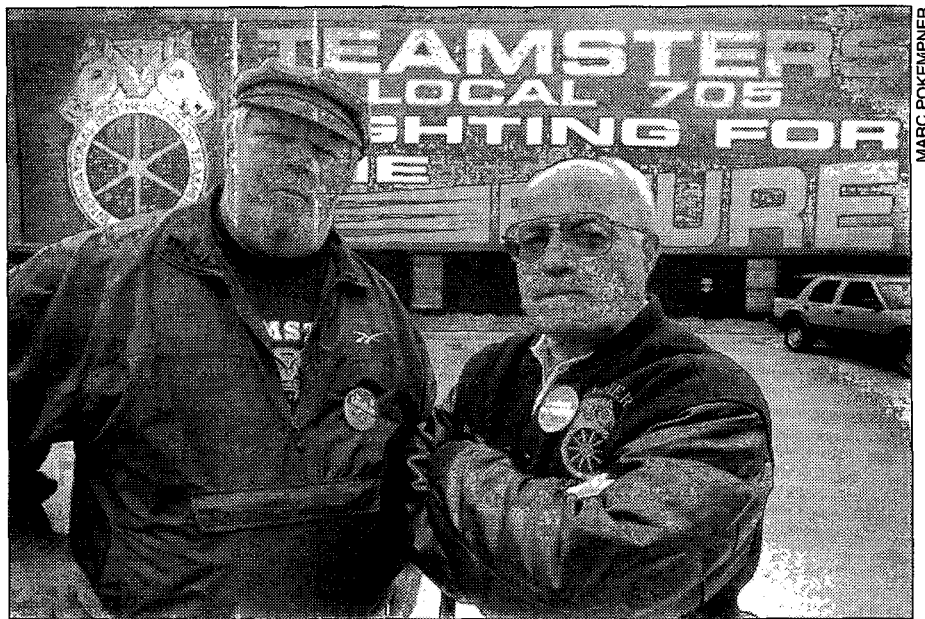
Then in late 1998 local union staff decided to organize their own union affiliated with the Mineworkers. McCormick strongly opposed the move, blaming Zero for bringing in another union.

During his tenure as principal officer in Zero's absence, McCormick suggested that Zero would not return and that he had discovered evidence of wrongdoing that would lead to internal union charges against Zero. As the jockeying for power intensified, local reformers invited Leedham to intervene. After a two-day meeting in a hotel room near O'Hare airport last January, Leedham and the two men signed a truce that would keep them together as a unified slate.

Zero maintains that McCormick, under pressure from supporters with little commitment to reform, never intended to abide by the agreement. McCormick says that Zero violated the truce by firing two staffers soon after he returned last February. (The agreement said that no staff would be fired without cause, but Zero maintained the two people fired were not doing their job.)

Shortly afterward McCormick filed internal union charges against Zero for negotiating with the staff union, criticizing and working against other officers, and improperly approving some staff leaves and pay raises. As the conflict escalated, Zero fired McCormick and three other officers from their non-elected positions as business agents. The four went to court to get their pay restored. While that case is being appealed, internal union charges against Zero have also been filed over the dismissals.

Now Zero and McCormick are heading opposing slates in the local election that concludes in early December, with McCormick's main support among UPS workers, traditionally the reform base, and Zero's support spread across many constituencies. (Three other slates, mainly reflecting the old-guard, pro-Hoffa faction are also running.)



Jerry Zero and John McCormick

The election battle is already intense and rancorous. Zero and his supporters insist that the central issue of the election is continuation of reform based on mobilization of members to win and enforce better contracts and to organize new workers. They criticize McCormick for opposing the creation of a local strike fund and a stewards' council. Zero wanted these in order to develop a system for electing shop stewards, who are now appointed. They also maintain that McCormick made concessions and failed to fight aggressively on various issues, including improving pensions.

For his part, McCormick criticizes Zero for his performance in representing workers at UPS, as well as his financial management and attempts to seize power by illegally dismissing him and the other officials. McCormick charges that Zero will run a deficit of \$300,000 this year as a result of hiring extra staff to work for his re-election. He argues that Zero is resorting to old-guard-style efforts to maintain his power through misuse of union finances, after McCormick operated with a surplus last year.

Zero's supporters say that he operated in the black in 1998 and that any financial problems this year will result from paying for the four officers whose salaries were restored and for mistakes that McCormick made, such as not

securing the traditional insurance before a strike that is now running up large legal bills.

"He's a johnny-come-lately reformer," McCormick says, "and now he's one of the first to go south on us. I didn't lose faith in original reform principles. He did."

"The whole fight is just about their wanting the power," Zero responds. "We were always colleagues, as far as getting reform going. I always tried to share in the glory. John was always behind me, but usually two blocks behind me, and if it got rough, three blocks behind me."

While most of the staff and local TDU activists support Zero, the majority of the old executive board backs McCormick. Neither candidate is endorsing Hoffa or Leedham. But there are clear signs that Hoffa, who will have the final voice in most of the charges filed against Zero, has been courting his support. Zero has appeared at events with Leedham but says, "I'm not disappointed with some things Hoffa has done."

While the bitter fight is a setback for reformers, this rough-and-tumble democracy is still a victory in their fight against a long history of corruption and tyranny in the Teamsters, as well as a step, however chaotic and disappointing, toward creating a union that serves their needs. ■

Money for Nothing

"Billionaires" rally for stock market subsidies

By Neil deMause

NEW YORK—The rally on the steps of Wall Street's Federal Hall was winding down. The last of the speakers was denouncing the \$1.1 billion in subsidies the New York Stock Exchange is set to receive from state and city coffers. That was when Reverend Billy, his eyes blazing above his clerical collar, stepped up and grabbed the bullhorn.

Introducing himself as a representative of Billionaires for a Better Trading Floor, the reverend shouted, "What do you poor-people lovers call yourselves, the Alliance for a Working Economy? Well, the economy is working! It's working for us—the billionaires!" Besides, he added, \$1.1 billion "is not that much money—my wife spent that much on shoes last year!"

Reverend Billy was roundly booed—by those in the lunchtime crowd who

weren't already laughing too hard—and eventually shooed off the steps by City Councilman Stephen DiBrienza.

This "counter-protest" by the Billionaires—a spin-off of Billionaires for Bush or Gore, the United for a Fair Economy (UFE) brainchild that now sports 55 local chapters—was set to coincide with the release of New York's top-10 worst corporate retention deals, as compiled by Good Jobs New York, a subsidy watchdog group. The NYSE deal, first announced by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani in late 1998, includes city and state subsidies and tax breaks for a new stock exchange headquarters to be constructed across the street from the present building.

Even in the midst of an economic boom that has left many companies scrambling to find suitable Manhattan office space, the city's corporate largess



NEIL DEMAUSE

Reverend Billy offers some trading tips.

is continuing, according to Good Jobs New York's Alice Meaker. In March, Internet provider PSInet signed a deal to receive \$60 million in city money over 15 years in exchange for providing 450 new jobs—or just one job for every \$133,000 in public expenditures, one of the worst cost-benefit ratios on record.

"The states are stuck in a policy rut, 15 years and counting, of reducing taxes to 'improve their business climate,'" says Greg LeRoy of Good Jobs First, the New York group's Washington-based parent organization.

While corporate subsidies have come under increasing criticism, LeRoy notes, across-the-board corporate tax cuts are increasingly common and largely hidden from the public eye. "With companies screaming that they can't find enough high-skilled workers," LeRoy adds, "why would we throw a billion dollars to the financial services sector, which is already extremely profitable, instead of spending money on things that get us more skilled labor?"

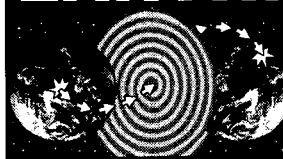
As for the Billionaires, they plan to continue their lobbying efforts on behalf of corporate greed during their national day of action on Election Day (details can be found at www.billionairesforbushorgore.com). "With all of the legislation that's coming forward," says Billionaire organizer Robin U. Blind (a.k.a. Dara Silverman of UFE), "billionaires are going to want to stand up and make sure their money is speaking louder than anything else." ■

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW

JOURNEY WITH US TO A WORLD NEARLY IDENTICAL TO OUR OWN-- WITH A FEW SMALL BUT DISTURBING DIFFERENCES--

PARALLEL EARTH!



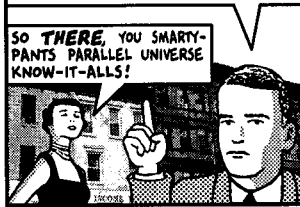
FOR INSTANCE, WHILE OUR PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES STAND IN STARK CONTRAST TO ONE ANOTHER, THE CANDIDATES OF PARALLEL EARTH ARE OFTEN VIRTUALLY INDISTINGUISHABLE!

YES, YES--THEY BOTH SUPPORT THE DEATH PENALTY, WELFARE REFORM, THE DRUG WAR AND UNFETTERED ECONOMIC GLOBALIZATION--



AND WHILE OUR INTERDIMENSIONAL COUNTERPARTS CLAIM TO LIVE IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY, THEIR CANDIDATES ARE--INCREDIBLY ENOUGH-- UTTERLY DEPENDENT ON THE LARGESS OF CORPORATE CONTRIBUTORS!

HEY--IN THIS SOCIETY, THE RICH AND POOR ARE EQUALLY FREE TO PURCHASE POLITICAL INFLUENCE!



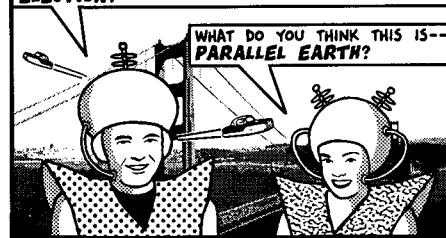
AND MOST PERVERSELY--THEIR PRESIDENTIAL DEBATES ARE RUN BY THE TWO MAJOR PARTIES THEMSELVES-- ALMOST GUARANTEEING THE EXCLUSION OF THIRD PARTY CANDIDATES!

JUST BECAUSE A CANDIDATE REPRESENTS THE BELIEFS OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS--



THANK GOODNESS WE LIVE ON EARTH PRIME-- WHERE A THRIVING DEMOCRACY ENSURES THAT ALL VOICES ARE HEARD! SO WHETHER YOU'RE VOTING FOR ZOLTAR, GAK, XYLON OR KLAATU-- JUST BE SURE TO VOTE!

HA, HA! AS IF ANYONE WOULD EVER SIT OUT AN ELECTION!



No Laughing Matter

By Craig Butler

In his 13 years as a comic book artist, Kieron Dwyer has limned the adventures of Captain America, Daredevil and even Superman. But none of these superheroes had to face the evil villain Dwyer himself is battling—Corporate America.

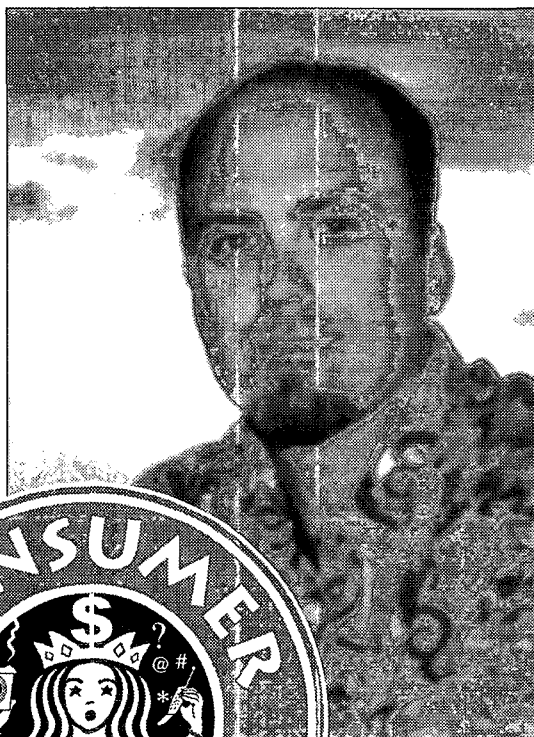
In 1997, Dwyer began self-publishing a satirical comic called *Lowest Comic Denominator* (www.LCDcomic.com). The premier issue's cover featured a parody of the logo for Starbucks, the near-ubiquitous coffee shop chain. Dwyer's parody changed the words "Starbucks Coffee" to "Consumer Whore," replaced a couple of stars with dollar signs, and added nipples, a navel ring, a cell phone and a dazed look to the "siren" figure that graces the center of the logo. Pleased with his work, Dwyer also printed it on T-shirts and stickers.

"I was criticizing Starbucks, specifically," says Dwyer, a 33-year-old resident of San Francisco, about his motivation for creating the logo parody. "But I was also targeting ordinary people—myself included—who kind of become enslaved to their product—or any product, for that matter. You know, 'Consumer Whore' denotes to me the idea that many, maybe most, people in America will blindly do anything to satisfy their desires. And corporations such as Starbucks feed on this weakness in people, this desperate middle-class consumerism, because it keeps them in business."

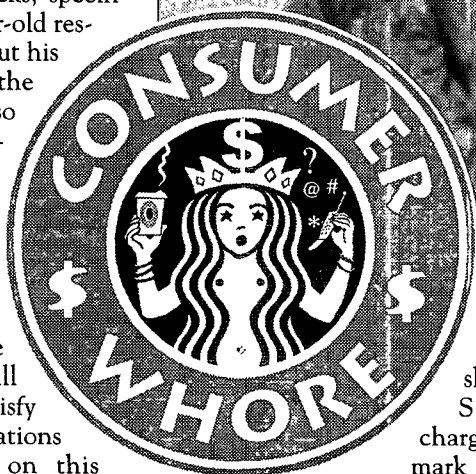
Unfortunately for Dwyer, the coffee giant got wind of his parody logo and responded with a lawsuit charging copyright infringement, trademark infringement and trademark dilution. Starbucks immediately filed for a restraining order, which would have required Dwyer to turn over all items bearing the parody logo.

At a hearing on May 26, U.S. District Court Judge Maxine Chesney issued a seemingly contradictory ruling.

She dismissed the charges of trademark and copyright infringement, determining that Dwyer's work was a legitimate parody and would therefore be protected under a "fair use" defense. However,



Kieron Dwyer and his parody (inset).



she upheld Starbucks' charge of trademark dilution—that the parody tarnishes Starbucks' trademark—thus clearing the way for the suit to go forward. (No trial date has yet been set, and settlement negotiations are ongoing.)

"How could it be one and not the other?" a bewildered Dwyer asks. "How could this 'clear parody' not infringe the copyright or trademark yet still tarnish the trademark?"

Dwyer's lawyers also challenge the logic behind this decision and question why a "fair use" defense does not apply to the dilution aspect of the case. "If Dwyer's cartoon had drawn inspiration

from a public figure rather than a corporation or its trademark, he wouldn't be in any trouble whatsoever," says Chris Oarr, executive director of the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund, which is assisting Dwyer in his fight. "It is a frightening thought that corporations seem to wield rights that exempt them from satire."

Dwyer argues that "when a company enters the public arena of selling products and shoving their messages down our throats, when they've spread their seeds in virtually every corner of the globe, they lose a certain amount of protection, like a politician does. We're ultimately the ones funding their existence. Why can't we comment on it? Big organizations and companies can silence people in any number of ways. But when was the last time you heard of an individual silencing a corporation?"

Aside from the considerable time he must devote to fighting the lawsuit, the case has also impacted his art. "I now have to be more sensitive to whom or what I parody or lampoon in my comic," Dwyer says, "which makes the whole idea of doing a satire magazine seem almost pointless."

Dwyer, who cites Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein as among his influences, notes that part of his problem is the media in which his logo has appeared—comic books, T-shirts and stickers. "Apparently, if you make a lithograph of a soup can on canvas, it's art," he says. "If you print a logo parody on a cotton shirt, it's simply commerce"—and therefore fair game for corporate lawyers.

Ironically, the negative publicity this case generates may prove more harmful to Starbucks' bottom line than the alleged trademark dilution.

Of course, the litigation isn't helping Dwyer's bottom line, with his own legal costs and the possibility of paying Starbucks' legal fees if he loses. Yet he remains philosophical about it. "It wasn't my primary goal to make a lot of money," he says. "If I wanted to be rich, I'd be selling overpriced coffee." ■

Democracy Now! or Never

Push has finally come to shove at Pacifica. Managers of the listener-sponsored radio network are trying to force the host of their most influential program out of her job. According to a memo released to the public by a member of the Pacifica Board of Directors, the network has threatened to fire *Democracy Now!* host Amy Goodman if she refuses to comply with a new set of rules that would make it all but impossible for her to do her work.

Among the new requirements: Goodman must submit a weekly program list, informing management of guests and content in advance. *Democracy Now!* must stop using volunteers (what Goodman calls the "lifeblood of Pacifica"), and all workers must be formally hired. And the hugely popular Goodman may accept no public-speaking engagement without prior approval from Pacifica. To quote from the leaked memo: "It is also important to know whom you are speaking to."

The people *Democracy Now!* speaks to on a daily basis are up in arms. As soon as activists obtained the leaked Pacifica memo (in fact, a letter from Goodman to the board, seeking redress for what she describes as months of "harassment, gender harassment and censorship"), an e-mail campaign launched full-speed into cyberspace. The media watch group FAIR and San Francisco-based Media Alliance issued an alert, encouraging concerned listeners to write to the members of Pacifica's national board. Within a week, listeners held coordinated demonstrations outside every Pacifica station: WBAI in New York, WPPFW in Washington, KPFT in Houston, KPFA in Berkeley and KPFK in Los Angeles.

Pacifica board member Leslie Cagan, a longtime community organizer, says she received 850 e-mails in just three days. Cagan sees the moves against Goodman and *Democracy Now!* as just the latest in a series of bad decisions by Pacifica management, justified as an effort to broaden Pacifica's listener base by executive director Bessie Wash and Mary Frances Berry, the former chair-

woman of the Pacifica board and Clinton administration human rights commissioner. At board meetings, Cagan says, "I consider it a badge of honor the number of times I've been ruled out of order for asking, 'Why?'"



The guiding principle of the current leadership, Cagan says, seems to be "control for the sake of control." As for the unrest among affiliates, which has built up over years of conflict (see "Pacifica Imperiled," September 5, 1999), Cagan says that notwithstanding the rhetoric about building audiences, the attitude of Pacifica's national management is "we don't care what affiliates think."

"I don't think the public has a say," says John Murdock, a corporate lawyer who also sits on the Pacifica board. He considers this an "employment issue" between Goodman and her supervisors. (Pacifica said similar things when they fired KPFA's station manager in March 1999, a move that led to a staff lockout.)

As for the organizing by listeners, Murdock says, "I don't have a lot of respect for that." He alleges the mobilization is an effort by Goodman to gain leverage and "frankly I have a problem with it." He would. Murdock's D.C. law firm, Epstein Becker and Green, consults on the company side in labor disputes: It even advertises on its Web site that one of its specialties is helping in "maintaining a union-free workplace."

While the impact of the new rules has yet to be felt, Murdock contends there is at present no plan to remove Goodman. "But if Amy can't make it work," he says, "and the show suffers a loss of support or interest, we may need to do something."

By any mainstream media standard, *Democracy Now!* is a celebrated news breaker. Its live, up-to-the-minute style is what even the corporate news shows strive for. It's the radical content that sets it apart. The show has won national awards, including the prestigious Polk Award, for its intrepid coverage—from Nigeria to East Timor. This fall Goodman's exclusive interview with Peruvian prisoner Lori Berenson was picked up by competing networks. "*Democracy Now!* is the most popular, successful, influential and bar-none best program Pacifica has," writes editor Mike Albert on the *Z Magazine* Web site. "The intent of Pacifica's actions can only be to accelerate the ongoing process of replacing Pacifica's progressive audience with a more upscale and mainstream one."

Democracy Now! is one of only two nationally syndicated Pacifica programs. The other is the Pacifica Network News, which itself is seeking a new host. (Veteran anchor Verna Avery Brown was let go in a dispute last year.) The job announcement from Steve Yasko,

The guiding principle of the Pacifica leadership seems to be "control for the sake of control."

Pacifica's national program director (and Goodman's supervisor) who formerly worked in the marketing division at National Public Radio, reads in part: "If you cause driveway effect, we'll make you a star!" Credentials for the position include: "Natural curiosity a must, public radio experience a plus, but commercial radio personalities are encouraged to apply."

If this is any indication of what's wanted at Pacifica, Goodman is clearly not it. Thankfully oblivious to commercial broadcasting jargon like "driveway effect," what Goodman excels at is breaking the silences created by establishment media. The show's tag line says it all: "*Democracy Now!* The Exception to the Rulers." Listeners who like it that way better get their network back. ■

WHAT THE MEDIA ISN'T TELLING YOU

About Bertelsmann's Hidden Nazi Past In an exposé trumpeted coast to coast, *The Nation* revealed that Bertelsmann - the largest book publisher in the U.S. - has carefully hidden its stalwart complicity with the Third Reich.

About the Secret History of Lead In an exhaustive special report, *The Nation* showed how General Motors, Standard Oil and Du Pont colluded to make and market gasoline containing lead - a deadly poison - although there were safe alternatives. Abetted by the US government, they suppressed scientific evidence that lead kills. Still sold in countries all over the world, leaded gasoline continues to poison the planet.

About The Wall Street Journal Contrary to its self-assessment as "the world's most important publication," Gore Vidal noted for *The Nation* "just how unknown this cheery neofascist paper is to the majority of Americans."

About Arts Funding As columnist Katha Pollitt wrote, "the right-wing attack on the National Endowment for the Arts is playing to a small, if ferocious, constituency. Contrary to stereotype, Americans *like* the arts, and the more access they have to them, the more they like them."

About The Battle in Seattle. "Seattle was indeed a milestone of a new kind of politics. Labor shed its nationalism for a new rhetoric of internationalism and solidarity.

Progressives replaced their apologetic demeanor of the past twenty years with confidence, style and wit."

About The Battle Beyond Seattle. As William Greider put it in his debut as *The Nation's* national affairs correspondent, "Arrogance designed the WTO; arrogance will doubtless defend it. In the meantime, the WTO can serve as a splendid rallying point for popular resistance."

About The F.B.I. An intensive investigation for *The Nation* turned up everything from slovenly casework to massively skewed priorities. Example: Number of convictions for health and safety violations against employees in a single year: one. Number of telephone taps: 1.3 million.



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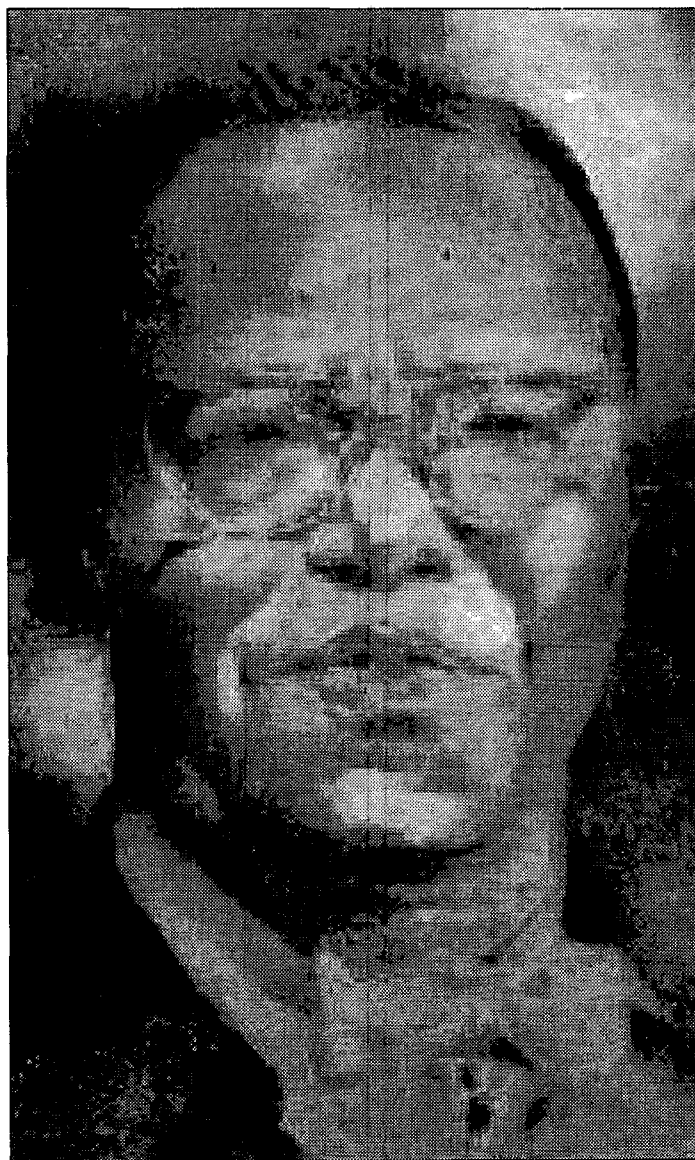
By Salim Muwakkil

Minister Louis Farrakhan has big plans.

Not only is he shifting the Nation of Islam away from its black nationalist roots, he wants to be a leader beyond the group's insular boundaries—indeed, beyond all boundaries.

The 67-year-old Farrakhan provided a hint of those ambitious plans at the October 16 Million Family March, which he organized without restriction to race, creed, religion or even ideology. He welcomed the participation of everyone from the Shrine of the Black Madonna to the Rev. Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, from Michael Eric Dyson to Armstrong Williams, from the Promise Keepers to Snoop Doggy Dogg. Hundreds of thousands of people packed the Mall in Washington.

To many Americans, Farrakhan's aspirations seem much too grandiose. But these are no delusions. Farrakhan's stature is high and rising in the Third World, particularly in Islamic countries. The enormous success of the 1995 Million Man March, which he conceived and organized, served to legit-



SHELTON BRYANT

imize his claim as America's premier black leader. That recognition heightened his global status, and he was accorded lavish receptions (and some head-of-state treatment) during three "world friendship tours" he made following the march. Although his globe-trotting adventures were widely criticized at the time, they have paid off for him in his new guise as a global sage.

His travels also hastened his realization that the Nation of Islam's peculiar catechism either had to be reinterpreted or eschewed. Among the more eccentric elements of Nation of Islam doctrine are the ideas that white people were "grafted" eugenically from black people specifically to bedevil the planet; that Nation of Islam founder Master Fard Muhammad is "God-in-Person"; that UFOs are "manned" satellites of a huge mother ship that will rescue only righteous black people from the upcoming apocalypse (or race war); that blacks, who are inherently divine, will need no weapons in this looming racial conflict because God will smite the seed of Satan

The Million Family March welcomed everyone from the Unification Church to Snoop Doggy Dogg.

(white people, that is) with natural disasters like earthquakes and tornadoes. These core beliefs are part of Elijah Muhammad's fundamental doctrine. Elijah Muhammad, who died in 1975, is the group's patriarch and is revered as the "last messenger of Allah."

Farrakhan's legitimacy as leader once depended on his fidelity to Elijah Muhammad's fundamental message. In the 25 years since Elijah Muhammad's death, however, Farrakhan has established his own legitimacy, allowing him to make significant changes in the group's eugenic theology. While careful never to refute the Nation of Islam's black supremacist doctrine, Farrakhan has meticulously recast it as metaphorical language. Farrakhan is carefully camouflaging his heresy in the rhetoric of praise. While declaring undying love for his late mentor, he nonetheless is systematically undermining the racist foundation on which Elijah Muhammad stood.

During his speech at the Million Family March, Farrakhan made explicit his move away from the black nationalist universe that Elijah Muhammad built. He used a small bouquet of flowers as a visual metaphor for humanity's many-hued diversity and lamented the tendency to see threat rather than beauty in our color differences. Race, class, religion and ethnic affiliation are "false yardsticks used by human beings to justify their ill-treatment of one another," he said. Much of his speech struck this theme and it sounded almost banal. His rhetoric occasionally echoed the kind of "We Are the World" romanticism that infects naïve idealists everywhere. But coming from Farrakhan, those sentiments of racial harmony and religious ecumenicalism were nothing short of revolutionary.

In a wide-ranging exclusive interview with *In These Times* two weeks before the march, Farrakhan made clear for the first time his strategy for bringing the eccentric, black-supremacist dogma of the Nation of Islam into accord with the doctrines of orthodox Islam. It is a delicate and risky strategy that depends heavily on his rhetorical and political skills.

It was Elijah Muhammad's theological explanation for white oppression that distinguished the Nation of Islam from other nationalist groups. By demonizing whites, Farrakhan explains, Elijah Muhammad sought to accomplish two things: to force his followers to become more self-reliant, since whites were genetically incapable of doing justice, and to provide a psychological antidote to the Christian belief, widespread at the time, that black people are the descendants of Ham and thus were cursed by God to forever be the servants of (presumably white) men. "Elijah Muhammad came to us and he spoke to a special condition in us that white supremacy gave birth to, which is white superiority and black hate that created feelings of black inferiority and self hate," Farrakhan says. "So he preached a message of blackness as a medicine for our ills."

But Farrakhan adds: "Whenever you are ill and a medicine is prescribed for you, you take the medicine until balance is achieved in you and then you put that medicine down."

Farrakhan contends that Elijah Muhammad brought a message specifically designed for a black people who were severely damaged by white supremacy, but always pointed to a broader, more universal teaching. "There are certain things you accept as a baby but you cannot accept as you mature," he says. "There are certain stories that attract your mind as a child but as you mature you look back at them and you see them differently. What I'm suggesting is that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad knew that the message that he gave us was a 'wake up message.' Well, I woke up. After you wake up, you need something to carry you now in the day."

But he adds: "Some of our people are still asleep. And that's why those who hold on forcefully to the message of the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, as it was preached before he departed from us, have relevance and value because there are still many black people who need that message."

When Elijah Muhammad died in 1975, he was succeeded by his son Wallace D. Muhammad (now known as Imam Warithuddine Mohamed), who quickly transformed the group into one professing Islamic orthodoxy. Farrakhan initially pledged fealty to W.D. Muhammad and followed his lead for two years as Nation of Islam doctrine underwent dramatic changes.

"Imam Warithuddine began a process of tying us to the Muslim world, but in so doing, maybe in the way it was done and the quickness with which it was done, many of the old followers of Elijah Muhammad felt disillusioned, they felt betrayed," he recalls. "In my heart, I was saying, 'Brother Imam, why are you doing it like this?' These are changes that would take 20 years to bring about. But because of the Imam's personal hurt with his father, the break with the teaching of his father and the acceptance of orthodox Islam was a radical break that caused many of the old followers to reject the teachings of Elijah Muhammad with a bitterness and a hatred because they believed they had been duped."

Farrakhan split with W. D. Muhammad in 1977 and began rebuilding Elijah Muhammad's black nation, genetic theology and all. Although he understood the limits of the Nation of Islam's therapeutic doctrines, Farrakhan says he employed Elijah Muhammad's black supremacist teachings as an explicit strategy "to attract to me those that love him that would come with me."

For 23 years he has been attempting to inch the group toward orthodox Islam, without alienating Elijah Muhammad's loyalists. Against great odds and with exquisite calibrations, Farrakhan has managed to retain his legitimacy even as he has increasingly deviated from the racist teachings of his late mentor. "The Nation of Islam is a delicate thing," he says, "and you have to be careful how you handle it lest you ruin everything that you've been building."

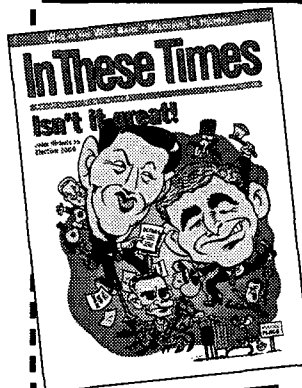
There are a number of groups that claim to better represent the wisdom of Elijah Muhammad and have condemned Farrakhan for unconscionable revisionism. Silis Muhammad operates the Lost Found Nation of Islam from his Atlanta headquarters, and Kansas City is home to a group called the United Nations of Islam. And then there's Khalid Abdul Muhammad, the charismatic demagogue who once served as head of the Nation's security and as a former national assistant to Farrakhan. He was ousted from the Nation in 1994 for using language that was racist and anti-Semitic, but he has many supporters within the Nation as well as a small following outside the organization. All of these groups criticize Farrakhan, to varying degrees, for deviating from Elijah Muhammad's fundamental teachings of eugenic theology. The belief in the inherent evil of white people is a kind of the litmus test for true believers in Elijah Muhammad's peculiar catechism.

Despite his major differences with these groups, and their increasingly bitter denunciations of his current tactics, Farrakhan refuses to condemn them outright. "Allah doesn't waste the work of a worker," he says. "Whatever people feel and believe, they're free to pursue their beliefs. But at a certain point, the truth will delineate those of us who are on a right course from those who may not be. Brother Khalid [Abdul Muhammad] is a voice of anger and pain and hurt, and I think he's in pain because I don't think he fully understands or appreciates my direction."

Farrakhan's reluctance to return their rhetorical fire results from a fear that his increasing moderation will provoke a major breach in the Nation of Islam. Farrakhan well understands that much of his popularity stems from his reputation for audacious, occasionally outrageous rhetoric and his readiness to speak up for the interests of black America regardless of the opposition. At the same time, Farrakhan has grown much closer to his former rival, Imam Warithuddine Mohamed, whose Muslim American Society also endorsed the Million Family March. After a two-decade detour by Farrakhan, both men now seem headed in the same direction. The question, yet unanswered, is whether that detour was helpful to black progress. ■

Editor's note: Part two of Salim Muwakkil's examination of Louis Farrakhan's Nation of Islam will analyze what the significant changes taking place within the group mean for the black community.

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Leaving the Balkans Behind

Croatia begins life after Tudjman

By Paul Hockenos
and Drago Hedl

ZAGREB, CROATIA

At the trendy Ribnjak Club, which opens out onto one of Zagreb's forested parks, few of the young jet-set talk about politics, particularly not on a Friday night with Sting's latest single wafting across the terrace. But on this balmy evening, Vesna Kulas, a 27-year-old information analyst, reflects on the transformation underway in Croatia, nine months after Croats roundly ousted the ruling nationalist regime of the late President Franjo Tudjman.

"Even if you never voted for Tudjman and the HDZ [Croatian Democratic Union], we all wanted an independent Croatia," she says, gesturing across the packed dance floor. "Tudjman stood for an independent Croatia, and we all went along with that. So now we're all responsible in a way for what he did in the name of Croatia that was bad as well. We have to think about that."

Almost daily revelations splashed across the front-pages have brought to light the daunting excesses of an autocratic regime steeped in corruption, covert operations, unabashed nepotism and cloak-and-dagger plots. The lion's share of compromising documents and transcripts are faxed straight to the media from the office of new President Stipe Mesic, in a transparent strategy to discredit the old regime—now the opposition—and buy time for still vaguely conceived reforms. But one upshot of the headlines is that they have only fueled the public's high expectations for change, a task the new reform-minded, center-left government is scrambling to address.

After 10 years in power, it was no secret that Tudjman's authoritarian style, support for Bosnian Croat hardliners, and refusal to cooperate with the war crimes tribunal in The Hague had badly tarnished Croatia's reputation. International organizations like the European Union, World Bank and International Monetary Fund had shunned Croatia for these very reasons. A scandal-ridden privatization program blatantly



A day after his inauguration, Croatian President Stipe Mesic places flowers on the grave of his predecessor, Franjo Tudjman.

HRVOJE POLAN/REUTERS

enriched the ruling elite and left the economy in a catastrophic position, with shrinking GDP, falling industrial output and more than 20 percent unemployment. The numbers grew worse from year to year.

Incredibly, it is hard to find anyone on the streets of Zagreb who admits to ever having supported Tudjman or the HDZ, which won landslide victories throughout the '90s. Consider Zlatko Calderevic, a businessman involved in export trade and a close personal friend of Tudjman. Calderevic first brought Tudjman to Canada in 1987 to make contacts with Croatian émigrés who were later essential to forming and funding the HDZ. Now he has stopped doing business in Croatia altogether.

er. "They've ruined Croatia," he says. "They've put so much in their pockets and their foreign bank accounts that now there's nothing left. You can't do any business here without paying someone off somewhere."

During the Tudjman years, journalists could land in jail for reporting on government corruption. Davor Butkovic, editor of the outspoken weekly *Globus*, was hauled before the court in 1998 for exactly this crime. Now his publication has broken some of the juiciest stories. Butkovic says the judicial system, still laden with HDZ appointees, is too slow and compromised to investigate these cases. Thus, the media step in. "There are no more threatening phone calls or banning of stories," he says. "These days when the president's office calls, it's to send us stories."

The scandals, investigations and arrests began literally the minute HDZ left office. Immediately after the outgoing government's final session in February, Minister of Tourism Ivan Herak was handcuffed upon exiting the building. He remains in jail, indicted for transferring government funds to the bank account of his wife's construction firm. This kind of "skimming" had become one of the perks that Croatian officials took for granted, cocksure that either their rule would never end or the old-boys network would always protect them.

No single figure better personifies the HDZ robber-baron empire better than Miroslav Kutle, a high-ranking HDZ member and close Tudjman associate, who acquired more than 100 corporations through the sham corporate privatization process. Before the formation of the HDZ in 1989, Kutle was a clerk in the state retirement fund. Now his total possessions and assets are estimated to be worth billions of dollars. Kutle's ostentatious lifestyle with private airplanes, coastal villas and other trappings of luxury typified the decadence of the ruling elite.

The headlines have come so fast and furious that the new government has been unable to follow through with proper investigations, much less convictions. Twenty people are behind bars and the two biggest scandals remain unresolved. The privatization of Dubrovacka Bank, from which \$500 million were transferred to private accounts in Austrian banks, and the sale of the daily newspaper *Vecernji list* to an unknown buyer from Virgin Islands are both associated with a single name: Ivic Pasalic, the most loyal confidant and closest adviser to Tudjman during the late '90s.

In the *Vecernji list* transaction, Pasalic planned the entire project with Tudjman's consent, a fact known thanks to the transcripts of thousands of meetings and conversations Tudjman had recorded in his office. The complex deal involved transferring the money from two Croatian companies to an off-shore company founded by the HDZ, which then bought *Vecernji list*. Pasalic bragged how he "clouded up" the deal so masterfully that no one would ever discover the identity of the new owner of this influential and profitable journal. Nevertheless, Pasalic, a leading figure in the HDZ, is now vice president of the Sabor, Croatia's parliament.

The economic crimes of the Tudjman regime are only the tip of the iceberg. The new government's pledge to make a clean break with the past and set the country on the road to Western-style democracy entails confronting a wide array of issues that ultimately define the nature of Croatia's political culture. The previous rulers left behind sprawling, unaccount-

able security services and a state media that operated as a propaganda machine, structures that the new ruling class has only haltingly begun to dismantle.

Tudjman's *raison d'être* for his array of security services, police forces and intelligence agencies was that 15 to 20 percent of the population were enemies of the state: opposition parties, independent journalists, intellectuals and, of course, Serbs. Human rights groups estimate that more than 10,000 Croatian citizens were placed under surveillance.

So vast were the different police and intelligence agencies accountable only to the president, they constituted a core pillar of HDZ support. "This industry of repression was

"The first step has to be to break completely with the Tudjman era, to recognize it for the criminal regime that it was."

simultaneously an employment policy, which effectively bought the loyalty of a lot of people," explains Nenad Popovic, director of the Durieux publishing house. He argues that if Prime Minister Ivica Racan substantially cuts back the police forces, military or their different parallel agencies, he will dangerously exacerbate the unemployment problem, which could threaten the country's stability.

Except for outrage, there is little substantive debate over the fate of Croatia's security services. The very different approaches applied to disassembling the security forces in Poland, the Czech Republic and East Germany could certainly be useful to the Croats. But no one seems to have made the connection. In addition, these questions are awkward for many ex-Communist members of the new government who don't want to be seen as the perpetrators of vengeful purges, particularly since the question of their roles before 1990 inevitably would be raised. "The nature of civil control of the secret services is still wide open," says Ivan Cicak, a human rights activist. "The personnel wasn't changed after Communism, and it will be hard to do now. Who will do it? And who will replace these people?"

Many of the same unanswered questions apply to media reform. The main evening news program of the state-run Croatian Radio and Television (HRT) no longer predictably begins with the words: "Croatian President Dr. Franjo Tudjman," followed by the most banal reports. And finally off the air is the regime favorite *TV-Spomenar* (TV Memories), which regularly rebroadcast the goriest footage of the 1991-1992 war to stir up ire against the Serbs and inflame nationalist passions. Yet the staff members who employed hate during the war are still at HRT, though a small number of new editors, disfavored during the former regime, are trying to use Western news shows as models to create more objective news and information programs.

The kind of surface changes at HRT are typical of the spirit of many of the reforms underway in Croatia: laws are changed, top personnel exchanged, but the process has stopped short of structural changes or a direct confrontation with complex emotional issues, like the extensive use of hate speech. The government responds to the latest scandal—and then to the next one—but lacks any overall strategy or vision.

This indecision and lack of direction has been compounded by a power struggle between the president and prime minister, as well as squabbling with in the inherently wobbly six-member ruling coalition.

No questions are more sensitive than those surrounding the "homeland war," the bloody 1991-1992 conflict when Serbian rebels occupied a third of the country, and the 1995 Croatian military campaigns that took that territory back. It is on these issues that many Croats' disgust with Tudjman is often tempered with grudging respect. Even President Mesic paid a visit to Tudjman's grave, and the prime minister honored his name in the parliament. Many refer to the '90s as "the turbulent years," whose excesses were necessary for Croatia to win and secure its independence.

At least one person who strongly disagrees with this is Cicak, who headed up the Helsinki Human Rights Committee during the '90s. "If you want to break with this period, then you have to break with the person of Tudjman himself," Cicak says.

He argues that it was a grave error for the new government to refuse to investigate the Tudjman family and to continue to acknowledge Tudjman as the father of independent Croatia. "The problem in this region is not just to change the government, but to change the political model," he says. "The first step has to be to break completely with the Tudjman era, to recognize it for the criminal regime that it was."

One issue Croats seem overjoyed to be rid of is Bosnia. Backed by the so-called Herzegovina Lobby, a group of advisers and ministers from Bosnia, Tudjman refused to relinquish the goal of joining the heavily Croat-populated West Herzegovina with Croatia proper. Zagreb's support for the hardline Bosnian Croat factions had been a major obstacle to the Dayton peace process. Croatia's military and financial backing of Bosnian Croats was never a popular policy among most Croats, and today they are pleased to see Zagreb's links to the West Mostar-based ultra-nationalists severed. Financial support to the Bosnian Croats has been cut in half.

Even Croatia's own war is slowly being critically explored. Under heavy international pressure, the new government opened the way for The Hague-based International Tribunal for Crimes in former Yugoslavia (ITCY) to investigate alleged atrocities committed in Croatia. The first investigations focused on Gaspic, the Croatian city where in October 1991 as many as 120 Serbian civilians were massacred by Croatian police and paramilitaries, their bodies dumped in caves and shallow graves. Although right-wing groups protested the exhumations, most Croats seem genuinely interested in learning the truth about Gaspic. One poll showed more than 60 percent approval for the ITCY investigations. "Croatia has a moral and legal obligation to see the people responsible put on trial," says Butkovic of *Globus*. "People want to separate the war from these crimes. They want to know what happened."

But one issue conspicuously absent from both the headlines and café banter is the return of the Croatian Serbs, more than 200,000 of whom now live as refugees in Bosnia and Yugoslavia. The HDZ government effectively blocked return by imposing discriminatory legislation and fanning anti-Serb sentiment, a long-standing source of contention with the international community.

But recently the Sabor amended key laws on reconstruction and property and minority rights—over the voice of the oppo-

sition HDZ, which stubbornly has refused to change its tone. Yet there has been no rush of refugee return to the decimated parts of central and northeastern Croatia where many Croatian Serbs lived before 1995. Milorad Pupovac, leader of the Serb National Council in Croatia, argues Croatia must do more if Serbs are to return, like engage in an active campaign of housing reconstruction and job creation. "Croatia must redefine itself as a state of citizens, not an ethnic community," he says. "An ethnicized policy and values can't bring this country closer to Europe or its neighbors. Croatia is historically a multiethnic state, and should be recognized by Croats as such." But the ethnic-based definition of Croatia as a country of ethnic Catholic Croats is part of the Tudjman legacy that few people are prepared to challenge.

As taxing as all of these questions may be, the atmosphere in Croatia's capital city is light and cautiously optimistic, as if a black shroud finally has been lifted from its Hapsburg facades. One young man said, "We've finally left the Balkans behind."

If this is indeed the case, Croatia's transition from nationalist autocracy to Western democracy could well serve as a model for Bosnia, Serbia and Montenegro, should changes there also bring democratic reformers to power. Ten years after the onset of the Balkan wars, new leaders together with civil society must finally confront the original sources of those conflicts. Only then can Croatia and its neighbors extract themselves from the devastation for which they ultimately are responsible. ■

Paul Hockenos covers Eastern Europe for *In These Times*. Drago Hedl is a correspondent for the Split-based alternative news and satirical magazine *Feral Tribune*

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FALL BOOKS

The Searcher

By Carl Bromley

From his redoubt on 102 Boulevard Haussmann, in a cork-lined bedroom closed to fresh air and light, full of notebooks and manuscripts, Marcel Proust confessed that shadow, silence and solitude obliged him to recreate in literature “the lights and music and thrills of nature and society.” The “treasure house” of his

Proust would be more active, and was helped to orgasm by the squeal of caged, famished rats procured by Cuziat.

Proust didn't scale rooftops or sneak through secret tunnels like his fictional contemporary, Irma Vep from Louis Feuillade's serial *Les Vampires*, but he was a virtual member of the living dead. Visitors to his pied-à-terre would talk of his dull pallor and “two fine eyes burning with life and fever gleam.” And even though he dreaded dying before finishing *À la recherche du temps perdu*, he despised his own “odious existence” and, like a vampire craving real death, looked forward to dying. When he finished the last line, he told Celeste, his devoted housekeeper, “I have written the words ‘The End.’ Now I can die.”

Marcel Proust: A Life

By Jean-Yves Tadie
Viking

1,052 pages, \$40

Marcel Proust: A Life

By William C. Carter
Yale University Press

1,024 pages, \$35

memories was his oeuvre, and the reworking of the first half of his life became his second half. The result: his seven-volume masterpiece *À la recherche du temps perdu*, rendered in English last century as *Remembrance of Things Past*; in this one, *In Search of Lost Time*.

Nevertheless this severe asthmatic, and partial aphasic, occasionally would venture from his sickbed and descend on the glitzy playgrounds of his youth. During these rare periods of remission, he would share late-night champagne and lobster dinners at Olivier Dabescat's restaurant at the Ritz with celebrated society beauties, or eat ice cream alone in a private room. There would be impromptu appearances at costume parties, salons and New Year's balls, including his famous meeting with James Joyce, of which Joyce complained, “Proust would only talk about duchesses, while I was more concerned with their chambermaids.”

He made nocturnal visits too, to Albert le Cuziat's male brothel and Turkish bath house—an enterprise Proust was rumored to have helped bankroll—where, for reasons of research, he watched through a small window as one of Cuziat's richest clients was “fastened to a wall with chains and padlocks” and whipped until he bled. Some nights, if we believe André Gide,

But what an afterlife! As a very young man, Proust wrote that though we weep for the dead, “we still love them, and for a long while we are still under the irresistible spell of their charm that survives them and keeps us returning often to their graves.”

For nearly nine decades now we have been returning to Proust's grave, and as I write it seems the line of people paying their respects is getting longer. Every newspaper of record has written about a “Proust revival”; Proustian books on gardening, cooking and self-help are among us, and there's even a Proust comic book. British author Lisa Jardine, even though she credits Proust for inspiring her to become an historian, claims rather sniffily that the revival belongs to some sort of *fin-de-siècle* madness: “a fundamental failure of nerve at the beginning of a new era.” What then would she—or even Proust?—think of a recent issue of *Entertainment Weekly*, where its editors declare that Proust, or Proust biographies, are “in”?

The biographies the editors refer to are two immense and physically weighty tomes: one by William C. Carter, the other by Jean-Yves Tadie, both of which are laconically titled *Marcel Proust: A Life*. This may be Marcel's moment, but do we need another two biographies?

It has been 40 years since George Painter's great, two-volume biography but, according to Tadie, Painter was a bit of a fabulator and committed the sin of not bothering to interview any of Proust's surviving friends and relatives. Importantly, new sources of information—5,000 letters collected in a 21-volume French edition, 75 notebooks in the Bibliothèque Nationale de France, sketches and poems from Proust's teens and Celeste's memoir—mean the “moment comes when it seems justifiable to synthesize the existing works.”

The grandson of Jewish bankers and village grocers, Proust was born in the aftermath of the Franco-Prussian war and the tumult of the Paris Commune (a communard sniper, smelling a bourgeois rat, missed Proust's father, the distinguished medical hygienist Dr. Adrien Proust, by an inch). Growing up in a wealthy, liberal and extremely bourgeois household in Paris' 8th *arrondissement*, Marcel developed an unusually strong attachment—Carter describes it as “exclusive and tyrannical”—to his mother, whose looks and love of literature he inherited. A frightening asthma attack on the Champs-Élysées at age 8 was a portent; in later years these attacks would last as long as 30 to 50 hours.

At school Marcel neither struggled nor was top of the class, though his literary essays as a teen show great maturity. At around this time, he also discovered that the boys could be as beautiful as the girls. His crushes were quite unashamed among his circle of friends, and in class he slipped charming love letters to the likes of Bizet's son. His parents were eventually reconciled to this; what his father couldn't abide was Marcel masturbating. He once gave Marcel 10 francs to go and get proper relief at a local brothel. (This ended in disaster: At the brothel, he wrote, “in my agitation I broke a chamber pot ... and in this same agitated state I was unable to screw.”)

Proust flourished during the years of the *belle époque*, imbibing salon society, every bit the social butterfly his narrator is in “the Search,” Carter's shorthand for the all-consuming *À la recherche du temps perdu*. He cultivated a reputation as a young dandy impressing the likes of Anatole France, who



Late in life and consumed by his "Search," Proust only rarely ventured outside to greet the sunlight.

wrote the introduction to Proust's first book, *Pleasures and Regrets*, a collection of sketches, pastiches and short stories from this period—while aggravating his father, who wanted to know whether his son would do anything useful with his life.

This salon reputation would hurt him years later, when André Gide rejected *Swann's Way* for publication on sight because of his memories of the author 20 years earlier. But Proust was no timid fop. He was an unlikely and enthusiastic soldier during his year of national service; during the traumas of the Dreyfus Affair he was a forthright, and one of the first, Dreyfusards who opposed the anti-Semitism and reaction of the times.

As for his love life and his homosexuality, much of which was painfully transported into the *Search*, Proust's new biographers broaden our understanding of Proust's romantic and platonic entanglements, even though they offer no startling revelations. Proust's love life remains tragic, complex and often quite mysterious. George Painter identified a pattern: "There was a prelude of tepid acquaintance; a crystallization and a taking fire; and a falling out of love, from which he emerged free, but changed and permanently enriched."

He was also very jealous. With the composer Reynaldo Hahn, whose oriental beauty matched Proust's, Tadie says that by the end, Proust insisted that either "Reynaldo ... consent to become a slave ... or else it would be all over. What was essential ... was the establishing of an ascendancy over the other person and knowing him ... possessing every instant of that separate, distinct life, and assuring himself that he was the only one that mattered."

So too with Proust's great love, his driver Alfred Agostinelli, on whom Proust poured money and pleasure. Exactly what went on between Proust and Agostinelli in his apartment is a mystery, though we know Agostinelli fled and Proust sent a private detective in pursuit.

But Proust's relationship with women remains a mystery—except with his mother, whose death ushered in two years of mourning—and there is no concordance between his new biographers. They agree that Proust could be quite a

flirt with the ladies. Women who tickled his fancy would be deluged with flowers, letters and sonnets, to the extent that their real paramours would suspect that Proust's interest was more than platonic. And when Proust entered salon society he was equally assertive with his hostesses. But late in life, he said he had only "loved women spiritually"; Tadie claims that with his hostesses "Marcel fell in love with an idea, a legend, a myth, a mirror image of the soul, with everything that could be translated not into actions, but into words."

Carter suggests, however, that Proust's conception of human personality was essentially androgynous—like the names Albertine and Gilberte in the *Search*—and that he was more attracted to young men and women, although more to males than to females. But despite Proust's lists of same-sex attachments, Carter claims this was homosexual attraction, not homosexual action. He fought duels and risked death with those who claimed otherwise. (Carter concedes that Proust might have been lying; we might know more when Hahn's private diaries are released in 40 years' time.)

Tadie's biography is spectacular when it comes to assembling the genealogy of the *Search* itself. As the editor of the new Pleiade edition of *À la recherche du temps perdu*, no one on earth has such intimate knowledge of Proust's notebooks and drafts. Tadie's exegesis is fascinating: "We should imagine Proust's method ... as that of a chess player pursuing several offensives simultaneously. The development is never linear, in the sense that a writer tells a story from beginning to end; on the contrary, he would return to some of his original ideas, episodes that had been scaled down, sometimes in order to develop and expand them considerably, at others to remove them."

But this is a book we can only cherry-pick from. Although Tadie is a greater critic than William Carter, a greater authority even, he is not a better biographer. "The biographer has to embrace the man himself," Tadie writes, and Tadie hugs Proust too tightly in his attempt to secure his reputation as the keeper of Proust's flame. He does not lack critical distance, but the detail at times is often maniacal: Do we really

FALL BOOKS

need to know that Albertine's name appears 2,360 times in the *Search*? Despite his command of the subject, this is a disjointed, digressive, flabby and rather boring book; we continually lose the thread of characters and lose sight of the big picture.

For example, Tadie's discussion of the Dreyfus Affair and Proust's role in it is frustratingly sloppy. He doesn't care to give the reader background on the crisis or explain the social forces involved: When one reads "Major Henry had committed suicide," one wonders who Major Henry was and what led him to suicide, as those five words are the only ones devoted to Henry in the whole book. By contrast, Painter's old biography, the book at which Tadie continually snipes, contains a powerful account of *l'Affaire* that nearly brought France to the brink.

Sadly Carter hasn't had the machine to promote his life of Proust, or had Edmund White declare his work the "best biography I've ever read," as White did in a bizarre review of Tadie in the *London Observer*. Yet Carter's energetic biography leaves us with a livelier impression of Proust's life, and the social, historical and artistic forces that shaped him. It opens with a dynamic account of the Franco-Prussian war and the Commune—reminding us of the 17,000 socialist corpses that the Third Republic was erected on—and continues with a vivid résumé of Dr. Adrien Proust's remarkable medical career. Compare Carter and Tadie's account of any particular milieu or affair from Proust's life, and Carter's is invariably sharper. He maintains a fine balance between the personal and historical throughout, displaying both a greater sense of humor and narrative than Tadie.

Despite the awesome length of *À la recherche du temps perdu*, it is hypnotically seductive: Its cascading sentences have an unearthly effect as they carry you through the portals of the narrator's imagination, into the groves and streams of Combray and the impressionist splash of Balbec's beaches and beyond. Proust's use of metaphor and analogy is prodigious and unique: He hurls them at us, and each one is glorious. I cannot think of another writer who has written so beautifully and


truthfully about love, memory and desire. As Walter Benjamin said, his sentences "fructify with truth."

Perhaps Lisa Jardine was right when she said escapism had something to do with our contemporary interest in Proust. Tadie laments that "ours is no longer an age of eloquence." But reducing Proust's world to its ornate beauty and oceanic reverie is one-dimensional Proust. The scholar Roger Shattuck reminds us that "Proust was more a social critic than a decadent"; 70 years ago, Benjamin noted that "hack critics" began ignoring the fact that the "problems of Proust's characters are those of a satiated society."

Two ways are presented to us in the *Search*—represented as two divergent walks in the Combray countryside—Swann's way and the Guermantes' way; two cultures, two classes. The latter contains the aristocratic residue of the old titled European elite; the former is bourgeois, secular and republican. Proust's world is a society in deep social flux, its troubles exposed during the Dreyfus saga but also in the pretensions of both classes, as the novel travels through the world of the Second Empire, the banquet years of the *belle époque* and on to its final *danse macabre* during World War I. At the end, Gilberte shows the narrator how the two walks actually meet. In a further synthe-

sis, the vulgar, bourgeois Madame Verdurin marries the aristocrat Prince de Guermantes. Benjamin suggests that the pretensions of the bourgeoisie are shattered by Proust's comedy, "their return and reassimilation by the aristocracy" the sociological theme of the work.

I wonder, however, whether it is not actually the reverse: the social decline of the Guermantes class—its takeover by the Verdurin class, who borrow the clothes and demeanor of the older culture just as they secure their political and social supremacy. During World War I we see the result of this: vulgar nationalism and a thirst for total war. Proust's art might fill us with a certain misplaced nostalgia, but the society he presents does not.

And so we cannot use Proust as a stick to beat the present, though we can long, I suppose, for our own Proust. But, as Benjamin cryptically noted, much of Proust's greatness will remain opaque and undiscovered "until [Proust's social] class has revealed its most pronounced features in the final struggle." 

Carl Bromley reviewed Raúl Ruiz's adaptation of *Time Regained* in the August 21 issue. He is the editor of *Cinema Nation: The Best Writing on Film from The Nation 1913-2000*.

Map Quester

By Dave Mulcahey

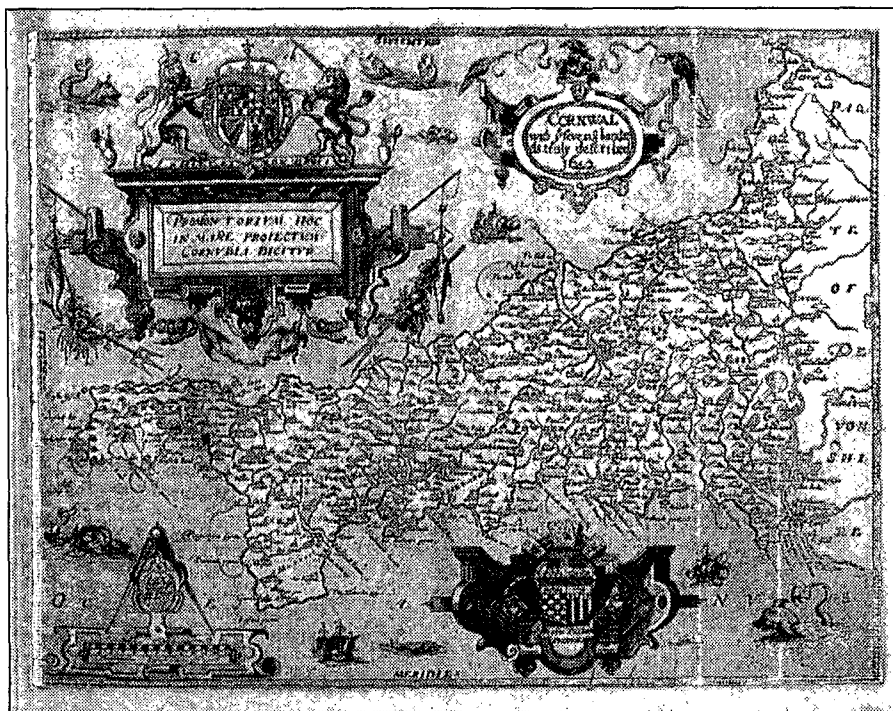
There's something about libraries that, for all their storied power to enlighten and uplift, tends to bring out the basest instincts in people.

The Island of Lost Maps: A True Story of Cartographic Crime

By Miles Harvey
Random House
405 pages, \$24.95

During my brief stint shelving books in the vast University of Illinois library, I'd push a cart of books into some deserted corner in the dark, bunker-like stacks and fritter away taxpayers' money combing the shelves for exotic volumes to ogle.

It was during one such foray that I was seized by the only real temptation I've ever felt to commit a felony. I was flipping through a dusty journal from the early 1800s when I came upon some very handsome engravings depicting the betrayal and capture of the Irish rebel Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Almost the instant I saw them a little voice sounded in my head: "You must steal these!" I envisioned them in little gilt frames, hanging on my wall, six in a row, mine to gaze on forever and ever. What pleasure they would give. I started plotting how I would pull off the job (cut with an Exacto knife deep in the gutter, using cardboard so as not to damage the other pages; smuggle them out rolled around my calf, stuffed in my sock). I pondered the chances anyone would



Collectors pay dearly for maps like this one of Cornwall from Saxton's 1645 atlas of the counties of England, which sold at Christie's for almost \$56,000.

notice they were gone (infinitesimal) or trace the crime back to me (zero).

I didn't do it—admittedly, less out of respect for the Eighth Commandment than a deep-seated feeling that this sort of thing is an unforgivable act of cultural *lese-majesty*. Still, as the Good Book says, to lust in your heart is to lust in deed. I started to wonder if it was wise to let people like me in the stacks.

The fact is, libraries are a rich but largely defenseless realm, neglected and in some ways in decline, brimming with antiquities ripe for the swiping. And given the speculative excesses of the markets in all things collectible, plunderers are likely more numerous than anyone imagines. One such freebooter is Gilbert Bland, whose brief career of archival larceny is chronicled in Miles Harvey's picaresque and thoughtful book, *The Island of Lost Maps*. (Disclosure: Harvey is an *In These Times* contributing editor.) Bland spent the early '90s traversing the continent with a razor blade and a phony university ID, plundering atlases for rare cartographic treasure. By the time he ran aground in 1995, he had amassed a horde of rare maps worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—and had done it so stealthily that many of the libraries he victimized cannot to this day say for sure what he got away with.

Bland's saga, like all nerd crime, is tinged with pathos. What suited him for his line of crime was his surpassing blandness. To all the world he was just another generic khaki-and-blazer white guy punching the academic time clock. We meet him on his last heist, as he fidgets over an atlas in the reading room of Baltimore's Peabody Library. He's nervously aware of the attention being paid to him by another patron, yet he goes about the business he has carried out countless times before. By degrees it becomes clear that he's being watched in earnest. When security officers enter the room, Bland heads out the door. An absurdly fitting "low-speed chase" ensues, and Bland is cornered in the portico of a Baltimore landmark. In the notebook he has ditched in some bushes are four purloined maps.

Oddly enough, Bland left Baltimore a free man. After forking \$700 out of his wallet to pay for the damage, Bland walked away—humiliated, perhaps, but inscrutable. Just what kind of man Bland was only became clear when a library employee discovered another notebook he left behind. In its pages was an extensive hit list, stunning evidence of the devastating scope of his crime. But in the margins there was something else, short

diaristic squibs—"Am I not going to get these Bowens? What [will] become of me?"—little clues that Gilbert Bland was not your run-of-the-mill criminal.

Everything about his case makes you want to know what makes Bland tick. The possible explanations are many, and as you might guess, the good old-fashioned pecuniary motive doesn't quite get to the heart of it. No, there's something about the object of Bland's obsession, about maps themselves—their rich mythological significance, their secret histories, their abiding power over human destiny—and it drove Harvey to develop an obsession of his own, a cartographic mission that dominated his life for several years, in which the *terra incognita* was Bland.

And yet, as Harvey discovered, Bland is a point on the map that can never be found. Intensely private, he aggressively resisted the author's cordial solicitations for interviews. (Bland is back home in Florida after spending just under a year and a half in jail in two states.) From what evidence Harvey could cull from public records, Bland has spent his life fleeing bad luck—or mixed luck, you might say. From a teen-age theft arrest to service in

**What suited Bland
for his line of crime
was his surpassing
blandness: To all
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Vietnam and a court-martial, from small-time fraud charges to the failure of a legitimate business, Bland's life was a story of getting in the soup and then somehow getting off lightly. He's courteous, reasonably intelligent and able, and he knows how to work the system. And yet he can't quite keep on the right side of the law.


Beyond these bare facts Bland remains a cipher, and that seems to have troubling consequences for *The Island of Lost Maps*. For one thing, the protagonist of Harvey's book—and it is as much an adventure

FALL BOOKS

narrative as it is investigative journalism—becomes the author himself. It's a trend in contemporary creative nonfiction that usually walks the wrong side of the line between poignant and grating. Early in the book one wonders if it's a line Harvey shouldn't cross. It turns out, however, that Harvey has good reasons to make this book so personal (and to reveal them here would give too much away). Moreover, his skill as a writer, as well as his sympathy and enthusiasm, carries it off.

Another problem presented by Bland's inaccessibility is that it makes forensic analysis speculative at best. Harvey offers interesting suggestions about the ways in which Bland's obsession with maps may relate to his troubled childhood. He also plumbs the psychology of collecting, the political economy of mapping, the cut-throat world of the antiquities trade, and other relevant contextual issues. Harvey is confidently in his element here. He's eloquent, inventive and expert in his use of scholarly sources and interviews, but he still leaves the reader with no hard and fast conclusions about Bland.

This takes nothing—or very little—from the book. If anything, Harvey's equivocal speculations highlight the antinomies inherent in the very stuff Bland was stealing. Maps opened new worlds of understanding and advancement, but they were also blueprints for despoliation and expropriation. To pore over an antique map is to glimpse the alien but vaguely reminiscent world we left behind; to price one is to feel the alienation of the present world in full force. Do we, the ones who may feel the temptation to swipe archival treasure but never follow through, perhaps harbor delusory ideals about what all this stuff, these books and maps and art objects, these accretions of power and authority, really mean to the world?

It's possible that Bland ripped off maps because he wanted to find a way back to the part of his childhood before things fell apart. And it certainly is true that when Bland slashed his maps out of their archives, he was re-enacting "the whole long saga of New World exploitation." It may also be that, if Gilbert Bland ever gets his hands on this book, he'll read it in utter bemusement. But that's OK, because the book is really about us. 

clear from the very first image of the very first story, "Bravo America":

First thing in the morning, when I take out the trash, I see it: syringe on the lawn. Still bloody. Surreal, isn't it.

First memory like a shot in the vein. Four long years of youth sliding cold silver glint into waiting blue.

This is the voice of a reformed junkie, a voice we will encounter again in other stories. Whether or not it is the voice of the same character is difficult to discern and, we come to see, beside the point. For, like her literary forebears, Yuknavitch generally dispenses with "character development," preferring instead to practice a technique similar to the one Burroughs called "the routine." Characters appear and disappear within a page or two. The narrator, if and when one exists, generally acts as more of a ventriloquist than a conventional storyteller. Story form itself becomes a metaphor for the multiple-personality disorders of capitalist democracy.

The effect on the reader is a little like being a junkie. Voices float up out of nowhere. Incongruities abound. And at nearly every narrative turn, the reader's assumptions and expectations are confounded. This is the case even in "Bravo America," one of the most conventionally structured stories in the book. The (unnamed) female narrator and reformed junkie, now a married college professor ("we don't say the word 'bourgeoisie' in America, so I'll just say middle class"), encounters several neighbors who express worry over what they consider the downward trend of the neighborhood. A prostitute and her pimp have lately been parading up and down the street in broad daylight.

One day the narrator sees them through the living room window, jumps off the couch and chases after them. She pays the bewildered pimp \$100 for an hour with the prostitute, who is equally befuddled and a little bit scared. ("I don't fucking lick pussy," she says. "I'm not into that shit. But I'll play with your tits if you want.") It's the perfect setup for the kind of charged and meaningful encounter we've come to expect in fiction tagged as "realism." So what happens?

Junkie at Liberty

By Philip Connors

Every so often one encounters a work of fiction whose language, imagery and form are so startling and provocative that one emerges from the reading into a world made suddenly

it's published in paperback by a small press without a massive marketing budget. What's worse, it's actually—and intentionally—difficult. Any profoundly original work of literature begs a reciprocal expansiveness, an abandonment of the soothing cliché and easy adjective (luminous! resonant!) on the part of the critic—rather too tall an order for the drones of the publishing world's blurb factories.

But pardon my churlishness. Chalk it up to a feeling of having been born too late, long after the day when verbal (and sometimes literal) fisticuffs could be kicked up by an avant-garde work of literature such as *Naked Lunch*. It's not an example I choose lightly or at random; Yuknavitch is, in many ways, a spiritual heiress to the work of William Burroughs (and also Kathy Acker, to whom Yuknavitch's book is dedicated). This is

Liberty's Excess

By Lidia Yuknavitch

FC2

177 pages, \$12.95

strange. Each word acts like a jolt from a pneumatic drill, pulverizing into dust the mind's settled ways of seeing.

Such was my state upon finishing this collection of 14 stories by Lidia Yuknavitch. And though I want every last person in America to know of its existence, I also realize it is not likely to be reviewed in the more somber arenas of mainstream book chat. For one thing,

Ace of Bass

By G. Pascal Zachary

Jazz biography is a literary graveyard. This is only partly because jazz is an oral tradition, more about live performances than the intimate lives of the music's greats, which tend to be poorly documented or littered with ad hoc fabrications and mystifications.

Myself When I Am Real: The Life and Music of Charles Mingus
By Gene Santoro
Oxford University Press
452 pages, \$30

Performers have always managed their images, but jazz figures have been especially inscrutable since the postwar bebop movement that produced Charlie Parker and Miles Davis. Boppers often deliberately obscured their own thoughts and motivations, resorting to religious mumbo-jumbo in the case of saxophone legend John Coltrane, hep-cat jibberish from Davis or sheer drug-induced incomprehensibility in Parker's brief life. Never wanting to be seen as ordinary, jazz musicians became so larger-than-life that mere biographies seemed unsuitable to capture their essence, only their detritus.

This is why historical writing about jazz is so poor. There are exceptions, of course. David Hajdu's biography of Billy Strayhorn sensitively portrayed Duke Ellington's alter ego and contained a lode of insights into the collaborative relationship between the two composers. Gary Giddins' 1987 essay on Parker's life, published in a fabulous pictorial study of the altoist known simply as "Bird," is too short to qualify as a biography but is informative, fair and disciplined. Davis' memoir, which could qualify as a biography because of the heavy load carried by co-writer Quincy Troupe, offers fascinating insights into Davis' narcissism, his brutal attitudes toward women, the importance of his upper-middle-class background, the source of his "cool" performance style and his Brando-esque habit of mumbling nonsense phrases. James Lincoln Collier's biographies of Louis Armstrong and Ellington, while criticized by fans of

the musicians for giving insufficient credit to the output of their autumn years, set a standard for accuracy and use of documentary evidence no matter how scattered or fragmentary.

The common thread in the best jazz biographies is a sense of jazz as an aspect of American society, not a disconnected realm inhabited by pure genius. These books rely only sparingly on the often dubious recollections of friends and observers, carefully subjecting these accounts to scrutiny and factual triangulation.

Many jazz biographers all too willingly surrender to these oral histories; these "eyewitness" accounts are the bane of jazz biography. By piling one myth on



another, by refusing to recognize the primacy of the documents that do exist, by failing to integrate jazz into its social and economic milieu and by pandering to the tastes of hyper-enthusiasts, jazz biographers invariably produce accounts filled with random data about recording sessions, disputes between band members and long, self-serving quotes from friends and hangers-on about the brilliance of the musician in question.

Yet despite the poverty of jazz biography, one approaches Gene Santoro's new biography of Charles Mingus, the jazz bassist and composer, with optimism. Santoro is among the best living chroniclers of live jazz performance, and Mingus' life seems ideal for the sort of muscular, socially-oriented biography that would enhance a vibrant jazz literature.

Mingus came to prominence in the late '50s and was an important band leader until the early '70s (he died in 1979, after extended illness, at the age of 56). He is probably best known for his recordings in the late '50s and early '60s, which remain available in various formats on the Atlantic, Columbia and Fantasy labels. At his swingiest, Mingus' groups could evoke the rousing spirituality of the black church and the gut-busting

sounds of a juke joint—most memorably on his 1959 album *Blues & Roots*, which begins with Mingus' unforgettable bass strut in the opening moments of the soul-stirring "Wednesday Night Prayer Meeting." But he was capable of more contemplative music, such as "So Long Eric," a tribute to bandmate Eric Dolphy.

While openly critical of the jazz avant-garde of the '60s and '70s,

Mingus experimented with unusual formats, and his groups had a distinct sound that, while loosely resembling Ellington in his mastery of colors and moods, had no parallel on the jazz scene of his day. More than a bandleader, Mingus led his own jazz "school." Many of his apprentice sidemen went on to bigger things: trumpeter Ted Curson, tenorist Booker Ervin, drummer Dannie Richmond and the pianists Jaki Byard and Don Pullen were among the more notable alumni. For his patronage of Dophy alone, Mingus deserves great credit. An underappreciated instrumentalist in his own lifetime, Dophy's reputation soared after his death, and much of his best work was with Mingus in the early '60s.

An explosive personality, Mingus had a wild-man image that played into prevailing stereotypes about jazz as a form of social rebellion. He had a penchant for violence, attacking even his own bandmates. He once even knocked a tooth out of the mouth of trombonist Jimmy Knepper, costing him an octave in his range. Knepper sued Mingus and won.

Race relations in the United States, while a constant influence on jazz, shaped Mingus more decisively than most. He hailed from a racially mixed background (his mother was half-black and half-Chinese, while his father, an army sergeant, had black, white and American Indian ancestors) and he was light-skinned enough to pass for white. He grew up in the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles, however, and was viewed as all-black by jazz promoters, critics, audiences and himself. He poured invective on whites and the racism that dominated America.

His racial posturing was so memorable—overwhelming his memoir *Beneath the Underdog*—that even as late as 1978, when his body of recorded work seemingly guaranteed him a place in the jazz pantheon, one *Rolling Stone* writer could say that his reputation partly rested on "his relenting criticism of whites," making his appearance on a record with the white singer Joni Mitchell "the ultimate twist in an extremely stormy career ... [where his] volatile personal style ... often seemed more noteworthy than the music itself."

Mingus' volcanic personality, while undeniable, was nevertheless a fairly

banal sideshow to his work, and it is unfortunate that Santoro is mesmerized by Mingus' volatility. Inexplicably, for someone who has written marvelous jazz criticism for *The Nation* and the *New York Daily News*, Santoro delivers no sustained analysis of Mingus' bass playing or composing, nor does he present a bold, vivid interpretation of his life. Astonishingly, Santoro gives virtually no shape at all to Mingus. Instead, he

At his swingiest, Mingus could evoke both the rousing spirituality of the black church and the gut-busting sounds of a juke joint.

supplies a jumble of recollections and stitches them together with clichés about the jazz life.

Santoro seems intimidated by the task of making sense out of the man he calls "jazz's legendary Angry Man," and he resorts to presenting Mingus as an enigma, both personally and musically. By taking such a scattershot approach and offering a grab-bag of reminiscences, half-rendered scenes and partial insights, Santoro simply adds to the conventional wisdom that neither jazz as a cultural form nor its leading musicians and composers can be understood, except by resorting to the hoary explanation that genius has its own twisted logic.

Yet mysticism isn't required to understand the social role of jazz in America, or the triumphs of Mingus. The life of this stubborn and innovative musician can be organized fairly neatly around three themes: the rise of neo-classicism in jazz; the material struggle of jazz artists following the collapse of the big-band era after 1945; and the fight to end Jim Crow in the '50s and '60s. None of these themes are mined in Santoro's book, but they certainly could form the spine of a first-rate retelling of the Mingus chronicle.

Briefly, the chronicle would look like this: Mingus is the first neo-classicist in jazz history, which is quite a claim, since today neo-classicism defines the mainstream jazz sensibility (thus making Mingus, more than anyone else, the godfather of jazz in the 21st century). Decades before Wynton Marsalis impressed audiences with his zeal for jazz repertoire music (of Ellington especially) and his command of classical trumpet, Mingus consciously emulated Ellington and experimented with the idioms of classical music. He took inspiration from jazz pioneer Jelly Roll Morton in his "My Jelly Roll Soul" and extolled dead legends such as tenor giant Lester Young in his popular composition "Goodbye Pork Pie Hat."

Mingus was also self-consciously political, unlike every other jazz great of the past century. Jazz musicians have tended to either ignore politics (see Davis and Coltrane) or pander to the American establishment (as Armstrong and Dizzy Gillespie did). Mingus was unafraid of political radicalism, drawn to Communists and assorted others. Political ideas crept into his music, perhaps most dramatically in his 1963 album *The Black Saint and the Sinner Lady*, and in his haunting song "Freedom," released later the same year.


Angered by the control held by white-owned record companies, Mingus formed his own Debut label in 1952. The enterprise proved viable for nearly a decade, allowing Mingus to test new ideas and record his own compositions (every recording for the label in which he performed on bass can be heard on the stunning *Complete Debut Recordings* from Fantasy). But more importantly, Mingus showed that jazz musicians, even in dire financial periods, could support themselves and thus limit the commercial predations on their work.

Politics also informed Mingus' lifestyle. He knew many of the leading beat writers in the '50s, including Allen Ginsberg, and in the '60s he hammered away at the hypocrisies of white America. While his analysis often lacked clarity (he had a weakness for conspiracy theories), it was hardly a howl of rage. He favored black commercial control over black artistic output, which reflected his faith in self-reliance and his resistance to

corporate control of African-American art. Mingus' Jeffersonian faith in the independent producer makes it all the more distressing that Santoro leaves a picture of Mingus as merely imbalanced and prone to irrationality.

While he succumbed to drug use in his middle age, and grew more distant and difficult with commercial success, Mingus in his prime was obsessed with excellence and his discipline flew in the face of commonplace expectations of the disorganized, intoxicated jazzman. In one of the anecdotes presented by Santoro, which goes unremarked, Mingus is onstage at the New York club Birdland with junkie Parker and the famously self-

destructive pianist Bud Powell. It is March 1955, and Powell, playing drunk, attacks Parker. The two men argue mid-song. Powell smashes his keyboard and walks off-stage, with Parker yelling after him. Mingus grabs the microphone and, ever looking out for the image of his profession, says: "Ladies and gentleman, please don't associate me with any of this. This is not jazz. These are sick people."

Mingus never elevated sickness into an art—although it certainly tainted his life. Rather he used his art to try to get over the sicknesses that kept America in their grip. Without this basic compass, no biographer can do justice to Mingus, or the memories of jazz. 

partly out of revulsion for the breast-beating opportunism of ex-Communists like Whittaker Chambers (though Hill and Thompson were never like this, and Hobsbawm says that he told party leadership he would maintain his friendships with them). It was also "out of loyalty to a great cause and to all those who had sacrificed their lives for it."

Communism, he says, "wasn't Russia. It was a global cause. Like many other communists, I never agreed with the terrible things that happened under that regime. But if you think that communism is something greater than the history of the backward countries in which it happened that communists got to power, then that history is not reason enough to abandon the chosen cause. ... Even with hindsight, it is impossible not to recognize that we did a great deal of bad, but also a great deal of good."

Yet nostalgia, obligation and political romance do not reveal the full significance of Hobsbawm's continued membership in the Communist Party for his historical writing. For it is clear that the rigorous Marxist worldview he developed through his long association with the party was central to his intellectual work. Hobsbawm says—and

there's no reason to doubt him—that his party membership never compromised his scholarship. It didn't; it enhanced it. The building blocks of his analysis—his faith in "modern political movements"; his embrace of modernity; his emphasis on contradiction and conflict; and most of all, his dramatic, forceful narrative grew out of and reflected his long involvement in the

Communist Party. The party historian is often thought to be little more than a hack, dutifully tabulating the line handed down from the Central Committee. The example of Hobsbawm, however, shows that political ideology is not necessarily at odds with creative inspiration.

Hobsbawm's historical oeuvre stands out today against the backdrop of the ever-more-narrow monographs that comprise the bulk of historical writing in the academy, and the shallow, boosterish narratives of popular historians like Stephen E. Ambrose. In contrast,

Ends of History

By Kim Phillips-Fein

Vivian Gornick once compared the sorrow of the ex-Communist to that of the lover at the end of the affair, writing that the party apostate "knew a kind of exhilaration and despair

pursuit of personal happiness through the attainment of material assets, then humanity is a diminished species."

Hobsbawm discovered Communism in the early '30s. Born in Alexandria, Egypt, of German and Austrian Jewish origins, he was 15 years old and living in

Berlin when Hitler came to power; his family quickly fled to England. Communism's initial appeal for Hobsbawm was that it promised to defend "the great causes of the Enlightenment: reason, progress and the betterment of the conditions of all

human beings," at a time when capitalism appeared to have led to the destruction of these ideas in the maelstrom of fascism, depression and war.

The British Communist Party—always a small, strange cluster of intellectuals and trade union leaders, unlike the mass parties of the Continent—lost thousands of it members in 1956, in the wake of the Hungarian rebellion and Khrushchev's revelations at the 20th Party Congress. But though his activism declined over the years, Hobsbawm stayed in the party, when Marxist historians like E.P. Thompson and Christopher Hill left. Why did Hobsbawm stay? He says it was



Eric Hobsbawm

Bandits (revised edition)

By Eric Hobsbawm

The New Press

272 pages, \$15.95

that can be understood only, perhaps, by those who have loved deeply and suffered the crippling loss of that love."

Eric Hobsbawm, the famed British Marxist historian and lifelong Communist, more closely resembles a widower than a disillusioned romantic. Hobsbawm was a member of the British Communist Party from the '30s nearly until its dissolution in 1991. Today, when he speaks of the political cause to which he devoted his life, his tone is bemused, ironic and yet still compassionate. "Do I regret it? No, I don't think so," he said in a long interview recently published as *On the Edge of the New Century*. "I know very well that the cause I embraced has proved not to work. Perhaps I shouldn't have chosen it. But, on the other hand, if people don't have any ideal of a better world, then they have lost something. If the only ideal for men and women is the

FALL BOOKS

Hobsbawm's writing was scholarly yet elegant, combining a brilliant eye for detail with an unflinching willingness to make broad historical arguments, weaving society, economy, politics and culture into a single overarching narrative. He wrote that his audience was always "that theoretical construct, the intelligent and educated citizen, who is not merely curious about the past, but wishes to understand how and why the world has come to be what it is today and whither it is going."

Like Thompson, with whom he is often categorized, Hobsbawm began his scholarly career writing about Fabian socialism and British working-class politics. His first essays were on topics in labor history. In the '50s, Hobsbawm suddenly shifted focus, and began to write about "primitive rebels"—the Mafia, millennial socialists, anarchists and bandits. These are people who "neither read nor write many books," who are "normally inarticulate, and rarely understood even when they express themselves." This move prefigured Thompson's "history from the bottom up," and *Bandits* (now newly revised) was first published in the early '60s—at about the same time that Thompson finished his magisterial *Making of the English Working Class*.

But there are important differences between Hobsbawm's and Thompson's approaches to history—ones that reflect their respective political choices. Thompson focuses on the local and traditional sources of class consciousness; Hobsbawm's work is always international in focus. Where Thompson argues that the pre-industrial "moral economy" generates working-class identity, for Hobsbawm revolutionary politics—which demands a sharp break with the premodern community—is the yardstick by which other forms of political action are measured.

The thesis of *Bandits* is that the "social bandit" is a curious kind of robber who steals from the rich to give to

the poor. His deeds break the formal law, but uphold the norms of the community. Robin Hood is the most famous example, but Hobsbawm argued that social banditry "is one of the most universal social phenomena known to history, and one of the most amazingly uniform." Banditry flourishes wherever peasant societies undergo the wrenching transformation to modernity. For "bandits in politics tend to be ... revolutionary traditionalists," defending communal mores against the rapacity of the landlord, the greed of the cacique. In a world of peasants cowed by fear, the

envisioning a society transformed, he sought to preserve a lost world. "He protests not against the fact that peasants are poor and oppressed. He seeks to establish or re-establish justice or the old ways, that is, fair dealing in a society of oppression. He rights wrongs. He does not seek to establish a society of freedom and equality." The consciousness of the bandit is "pre-political"; bandits lack organization entirely. For this reason, "the bandit's contribution to modern revolutions was thus ambiguous, doubtful and short. That was their tragedy. As bandits, they could at best, like Moses, discern the promised land. They could not reach it."

They were entirely different from the Communist Party, which Hobsbawm described elsewhere as a "totally devoted, disciplined, realistic, anti-romantic army of revolution." For Hobsbawm, revolutionary politics is defined by its modernism. Communism was part of the Enlightenment tradition, and revolution, after all, was the highest expression of the Enlightenment, for it means the conscious remaking of the world by human beings. Banditry, like any political act in defense of premodern community, could never aspire to a project on this level.

The Communist intellectual has been stereotyped as shamelessly opportunistic, willing to change positions at a moment's notice from Moscow. The Maltz affair in the United States, which signaled the end of the Popular Front, is one of the most famous examples of the American Communist Party's

negative effect on intellectual life. In 1946, screenwriter Albert Maltz wrote an article for *New Masses* titled "What Shall We Ask of Writers?" suggesting that creative expression should be evaluated on its own terms, not by political expedience. He was promptly vilified for elevating the importance of "bourgeois" freedoms. As Alvah Bessie wrote, "We need more than 'free' artists. We



ILLUSTRATION BY JOSH BROWN, FROM VISIONS OF HISTORY

bandit is the man who would stand up.

But despite Hobsbawm's admiration for the social bandit, he was also keenly aware of the limitations of "archaic social movements." Hobsbawm argued that the politics of banditry were ultimately restricted, the aims of the bandit modest. Instead of speaking in terms of universal justice, the bandit defended local and traditional norms; instead of

need Party artists." Two months later, following a party meeting specially held to denounce him, Maltz published a second article, called "Moving Forward," entirely retracting the first.

Hobsbawm's work suggests another side of the story. In a sense, the party's vision of the world was an inherently artistic one. Marxism provided the theoretical basis for linking the most disparate phenomena in a single, unified whole, for writing truly synthetic history. Even more important, the Communist historian could write with confidence about the grand sweep of modern history, because he or she *knew* that the story ended with the destruction of capitalism.

Many Marxist historians, like Thompson or Eugene Genovese, use an anthropological or sociological method; they capture and dissect a single moment in time. By contrast, Hobsbawm's work emphasizes narrative, and the dynamic force of conflict and contradictions. This is most striking in his *History of Civilizations*, three books on the "long 19th century," 1789 to 1914.

These remarkable history books explain the development of bourgeois society from its birth in the French Revolution to its "strange death" in World War I. Though they are packed with original ideas and arguments, what makes them so powerful is the relentless force of the story, always driving toward the end of bourgeois society. "The era of peace, of confident bourgeois civilization, growing wealth and western expansion inevitably carried within itself the embryo of the era of war, revolution and crisis which put an end to it," he wrote of the *belle époque* of the late 19th century.

Each book opens with a moment of crisis (the French Revolution; the revolutions of 1848; and the depression of 1873), and proceeds to trace the resolution of the crisis into a new synthesis. But the new order proves to be self-undermining, ultimately collapsing inward upon itself, producing a new period of crisis. The final cataclysm for the world brought into being by the Industrial and French Revolutions comes with World War I and the Russian Revolution, which mark the end of the truculent, self-deluded reign of the bourgeoisie. "The bourgeois triumph was brief and impermanent. At the very moment when it seemed complete, it proved to be

not monolithic but full of fissures." Hobsbawm's certainty that the bourgeois world (which he did not equate with capitalism itself) came to an end in 1914 is what defines the books.

In contrast to the self-confident narrative of the trilogy, the last of Hobsbawm's great books, *The Age of Extremes*, is a sad book and a disappointment. A chronicle of the "short 20th century" (1914-1991), it is, in a sense, the book he never wanted to have to write. The growth of Communism

"The era of peace, of confident bourgeois civilization ... carried within itself the embryo of the era of war, revolution and crisis."


turned out not to be the final crisis for the bourgeois world after all, which somehow recovered after nearly self-destructing in the Great Depression and World War II (though Hobsbawm argues that modern society is so different from the world before World War I that, in a sense, a revolution did take place). The political narrative is lost; the force and drama, dissipated; the contradictions are less stark, less clearly defined, and their pressure does not propel events forward into crisis. History seems, if not over, to have lost its pattern and its logic. "We do not know where we are going," Hobsbawm writes. "We do not know where our journey is taking us, or even where it ought to take us. ... Let us hope it will be a better, juster and more viable world. The old century has not ended well." How resigned in tone, how confused—especially when compared with Hobsbawm's optimistic determinism 30 years earlier, when he wrote that "hope and the building of the earthly paradise are man's fate."

Hobsbawm's historical analysis is not without its flaws, which, like many of its virtues, reflect his political worldview. The category of "pre-

political" action ignores the complexity of the political ideas and philosophies of peasants, slaves and the first generations of industrial workers. It also suggests somewhat too teleological a view of where awareness of class comes from, and what kinds of political activity matter. Hobsbawm's confidence that bourgeois society ended in 1914 can't entirely take into account the work of scholars like Arno Mayer, who argued in *The Persistence of the Old Regime* that the European bourgeoisie was weak and insignificant until after World War II, and that the landed aristocracy retained political, economic and cultural hegemony at least until 1914. Indeed, in some ways Mayer's interpretation has held up better than Hobsbawm's over time; one might say that only in the present day has bourgeois society triumphed the globe over. New historians will have to write the story of the 20th century, and as they do so, our understanding of the 19th will change as well.

But at the same time, Hobsbawm's interpretations of the French Revolution, the revolutions of 1848, landed wealth in the "Age of Capital," the arts in the strange period leading up to World War I, the role of radical movements in expanding democratic rights in Europe, the worldview and fragile self-confidence of the bourgeoisie, and, most of all, the overall example of his ability to synthesize all kinds of history into a single coherent global narrative will last as a model for years to come.

George Steiner once wrote an essay on György Lukács, the Hungarian Marxist philosopher and literary critic, noting that the "intense immediacy" and relevance of Lukács' writings about literature had everything to do with his political faiths. Steiner found these repugnant, but he could not deny his deep admiration for the intellectual work—even though he was aware that it was grounded in, and would have been impossible without, Lukács' Marxism. He concluded, "Whether or not we share his beliefs, there can be no doubt that he has given to ... criticism a notable dignity."

Whatever one thinks of his politics, it seems clear that we may wait a long time for another historian like Eric Hobsbawm. It is hard not to feel, as he puts it, that something has been lost. 

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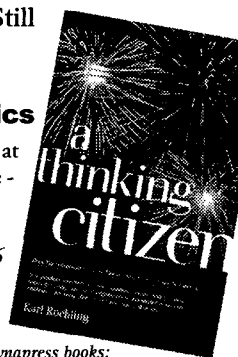
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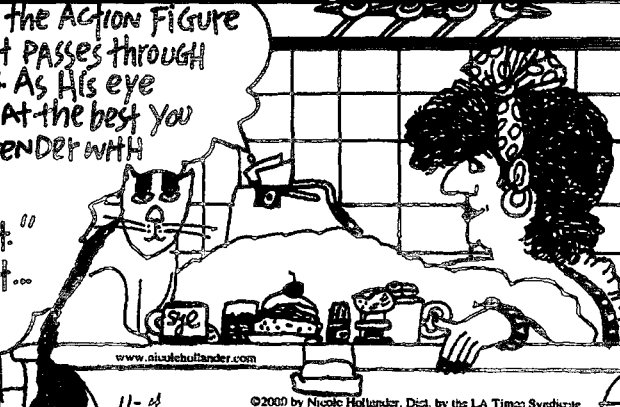


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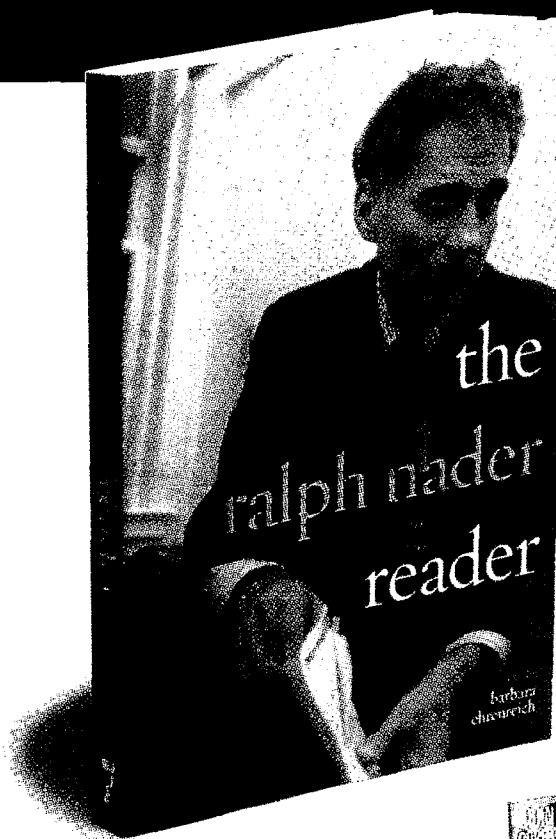
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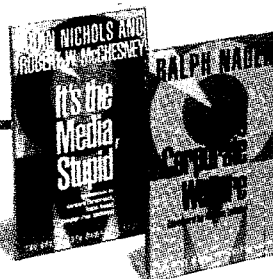


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